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EVA D. KELLOGG EDITOR

Spring

The Spring reveals herself in secret only,
Through hidden signs we guess her mystic power.
The fields are bare, the woodlands wild and lonely,
But, lo! beneath the earth she hides the flower.
The willows quicken at the river's brim,
The eager alder breaks her tiny buds,
The upland hills are wrapt in hazes dim,
And sweet, impulsive life has stirred the woods.
— *Dora Reed Goodale*

The Procession of the Months

Those who are really awake to the sights and sounds which the procession of the months offers them, find endless entertainment and instruction. Yet there are great multitudes who are present at as many as threescore and ten performances, without ever really looking at the scenery, or listening to the music or observing the chief actors. — *O. W. Holmes*

How much shall the sights and sounds of the spring mean to us as the "procession of the months" pass slowly by.

Everything they were divinely intended to mean, if we can get back into the child-world that Whitcomb Riley sings about in his new book.

"The child-world — long and long since lost to view —
A Fairy Paradise!
How always fair it was and fresh and new —
How every affluent hour heaped heart and eyes
With treasures of surprise!

Enchantments tangible; the under-brink
Of dawns that launched the sight —
Up seas of gold: the dewdrops on the pink,
With all the green earth in it and blue height
Of heavens infinite.

The liquid, dripping songs of orchard-birds —
The wee bass of the bees,
With lucent deeps of silence afterwards;
The gay clandestine whisperings of the breeze
And glad leaves of the trees."

Child-Study

Of how much greater worth would be our child-study efforts if we could stay in this child-world. To hold the child at arms' length as a specimen and look at him first through one end of the glass and then through the other, and "record" what we think we find is pretty poor child-study. Such "data" deserves all the scorn it receives. What is the object of child-study? *To benefit the child himself* and not to gather statistics to send to an organization or to make up the contents of a book. Thus while the spring unfoldings afford rich opportunities to study the daily effects upon the children, let us remember that the underlying purpose of this study is to *lift* the children by teaching them to see, and by creating a spiritual appreciation of the Great Plan of the universe. The mathematics of child-study has no place here.

Has some morning talk upon the swelling buds touched the children with a fresh consciousness of Spring's preparation for the splendid beauty of the coming Summer? Has a dawning recognition of the Infinite Plan shown itself in the deepened, intent look in the eyes? Has the child-soul stirred under the beauty and awe of the revelation? Do not let us mar the sacredness of the hour even by *thinking* whether boys or girls show the most appreciation or in what respect they differ in its manifestation. It makes no difference under the shining sun what "percent" of the girls or boys look one way or another way or say one thing or another thing. A human soul is a human soul whether its material envelope be a girl or a boy and let us respect that soul as an emanation from the Divine and permit it full freedom. Let us not clumsily check its expression by an attempt to measure the significance of every chance word or look with our puny, finite tests.

How the opening spring can knit teacher and children together and what numberless opportunities to get closer to the heart of the child, unlock his senses, and train his innate love for the beautiful. Has he passed by the willows all these weeks and failed to note their deepening tint? Call his attention to them and silently watch the result. What is his first impulse when you show him a sprouting acorn that has lain under the leaves all winter? The indifference of ignorance or — something else? What *is* that "something else"? Has the gurgle of the little brook just breaking away from its icy fastenings any music for him? Why not? The snow-drops peeping above the white coverlid, the warm feeling of a golden-purple crocus bed, the caressing touch of the pussy-willows — do these mean anything to the commonplace children that have found their chiefest pleasure all winter in rough play outside the school-room and in mischief inside? Is there a boy or a girl that will be able to throw down the first violet with indifference? Are there any children who have felt the influence of the spring-scented air and grown half-pensive, half-tender under it, without

being at all conscious of the reason? When the teacher finds the answers to these questions she will have studied her children to some purpose. How is she to find them? Never by questioning them into a self-consciousness and then grinding out artificial answers. Never that soul-vivisection, whatever she does or does not do. There are no rules for child-study. Love begets love, interest creates interest, confidence wins confidence.

Signs of Fatigue in the School-Room VII

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(Continued from February number)

Tests for Fatigue and Practical Remedies

If now the teacher has noted the nationality and temperament of each of her pupils, she ought to make still other observations to detect the existence or approach of fatigue. Let her take a dozen pupils at a time and ascertain the physical condition of each. Are the limbs full, plump, and solid? Are the cheeks full and of good color? Is the chest well developed? The eye bright? The expression of the face animated? Doubtless in any dozen pupils one or more will be found where the limbs are undersized, the muscles flabby, the cheeks pale and emaciated, the region under the eyes shrunken and of bluish color, the cords back of the ear standing out, the chest badly formed. When such a pupil is found, notice the expression of the face more carefully. It may lack animation altogether; the eye may be dull, and the whole personality of the child may suggest that he is not well or properly nourished. Observe him in his plays; is he more sombre than his companions? Less spontaneous in his movements? Does he seem behind all the others in the games and plays? Are his actions in the class-room languid and generally somewhat behind all the others?

The mental operations of such a pupil should also be observed with care. It may be that he is behind his class; that while he is sure he is not rapid. Perhaps he lacks spirit when he is reading any emotional selection in class. He fails to give expression to the emotion, and the reason is because he does not feel it in his own life, and he cannot appreciate what he does not feel. When he talks to you perhaps his face does not light up; his voice may not be modulated, but rather runs on in a monotone.

When you find such a child you may be sure he is in a state of fatigue, and you must earnestly search for the cause so that you may, if possible, remove it. You may easily do that child great injury by overcrowding him or criticising him for his failures. Remember there are times when criticism kills. It is to be feared that we have attached altogether too much importance to criticism in the training of children, and far too little to encouragement and praise. Doubtless some children need constant prodding and correction from the teacher, but all children do not by any means.

The Most Serious Form of Fatigue

There is another type of fatigued child who needs more careful attention than the one just considered. This child will have all the signs of physical mal-development, but instead of having too little action there will be too much. Observe his movements in school while he is talking to you, while he is at his seat, or while he is engaged at play. You may find that the features are in quite constant movement without any obvious cause; perhaps the body is unsteady; the fingers may twitch involuntarily; and there may be other spasmodic and uncontrolled movements. This child needs to be still more carefully examined. It should be noted whether there is twitching of the eyelids, grinding of the teeth, drooping of the eyelids, rhythmical movements of the eyeballs. If you find these things present in any individual case, the following tests should be made with the caution that in no instance should the test be continued if the pupil grows nervous and excited under them. It is far better in child-study to have pupils unconscious of the fact that you are observing or testing them, and usually this can be accomplished. If it is desirable to make some definite test, several pupils may be examined together, and this will relieve the nervous strain which is apt to accompany the examination of any single one. The teacher must always, by voice and manner, suggest to the pupil that the test is not a serious thing, but only made for the fun of it, as it were.

A Few Scientific Tests

With these precautions, then, the following tests may be made upon children who show symptoms of nervous disease: "Have child's eyes shielded from the light for a few moments; when the eyes were exposed to the light, notice whether or not the pupil contracts. The absence of the iris reflex is an early symptom of nervous disease. Move your finger in a circle about the child's field of view, and notice if eye movements in any direction are limited. Bid pupil put out his tongue, note twitching or movements that are not symmetrical. Bid pupil extend arms above head, note swagging or twitching of either hand. (Premonitory symptom of chorea.) Bid pupil close the eyes, and touch his nose or stand on one foot. Inability to do these is an indication of motor inco-ordinaion. Can the pupil perform, common tasks, as balance on his heels, skate, ride a bicycle throw a ball straight, catch a ball, thread a needle, and the like? Have him stand quite still for one or two minutes, and note twitching movement. In general, note whether the pupil plays much and skilfully at games requiring motorability."*

Remedies

What now is the remedy for fatigue in the school-room? It depends of course upon the particular case. If it is due to inadequate nutrition or disease of any kind, acute or chronic, the way to get relief is evident. If it be impossible to bring about a change in home conditions so that the pupil may get food better adapted to his needs, or may receive medical treatment for his ills, it will at least be practical for the teacher to ease the demands upon such pupils according to their necessities. It has come to pass in late years that many teachers are troubled by their consciences if they are not constantly urging pupils to more and more work. The ideal has been to learn as many things as possible, and little thought has been taken of the harm which may be done in the process of learning. But the time has already arrived when health must be the first consideration; and it were far better that a pupil never knew even the rudiments of arithmetic, reading, and writing, than that he should become unbalanced in striving to acquire them.

Let pupils, then, who are not as strong as their fellows, have their burdens lightened. They should not be required to learn as long number or reading lessons, and should be dealt with more leniently when errors are made. Of course not all error is due to fatigue and should not be lightly passed over; but many mistakes do certainly spring from this cause, and great injury is done when they are treated as if they were due to carelessness. The outward manifestations of carelessness and fatigue are sometimes much similar in school work, and it requires a discriminating eye to distinguish between them.

A False Ideal of Teaching

If fatigue be caused by restlessness in the teacher, her own worn condition affecting her pupils, then the remedy in this case also must be evident. A fatigued teacher should do one of two things, and this statement may be made unqualifiedly,— she should either improve her condition or get out of the profession where her influence will not be so unfortunate. But sometimes one sees teaching the ideal of which is entirely wrong,— that it is necessary for the teacher to constantly hover over the children, directing and

*Transactions of the Illinois Society for Child-Study, Vol. 1, No. 1, pp. 67, 68.

stimulating them in all sorts of ways. I firmly believe that we do not let children alone enough in the school or in the home. A feeling has existed for a good while among some people that the successful kindergartner or primary teacher is one who is so full of enthusiasm, so called, that she is continually in a state of excitement in the class-room. I would not hesitate to say that children receive more injury than benefit in a kindergarten or primary school wherein such a teacher presides.

The Evil of So-Called "Discipline" in the Class-Room

Scientific child-study is impressing upon us more and more emphatically that young children require a great deal of wholesome activity for proper development of mind and body. When this activity is forbidden them for a long period at a time fatigue is certain to follow. I know of schools, particularly country schools, where the youngest children are kept in their seats with feet dangling in the air for about five hours a day. I recall with much regret when, in my own teaching in such a school, I thought it necessary for the sake of discipline to require this great stillness on the part of baby pupils. This barbarous practice I inherited as a tradition from the generation of teachers preceding me, and this unholy tradition is being transmitted to-day the same as ever. People used to think that the smaller the pupil the quieter he ought to be; — lots of things seem thus to get turned wrong side to in the class-room. Of all evils incident to school education this is the worst. It not only breeds nervous disease, but it soon makes a child self-conscious, diffident, and awkward. Let any teacher sit five hours a day in such seats as are provided for children and observe what effect it has upon herself. But then, of course, children can do anything which the adult thinks it best they should do for discipline's sake.

Toeing a line for ten or fifteen minutes at a time; standing with heels together on the same line, hands behind back; sitting upright with folded arms a quarter or half hour at a stretch, and all that sort of thing is well adapted to fatigue children. Let any doubter try the same things on himself and note effects. But probably every one of my readers can recall his own childhood experiences, and it will not be necessary to make any special tests at this time. To sum it all up, the great law of normal childhood is activity. It has been said that a child thinks with his muscles; and if you prevent a large measure of action in the school-room you not only bring about disease, but you really prevent good thinking.

How Arrange the Daily Program

If I were addressing a body of grammar teachers I should have something to say about the order of the studies in each day's work so as to avoid fatigue to the greatest degree possible; but I need say here, simply, that the first hours in the morning and immediately after lunch are the best for difficult studies, while the hours before the noon intermission and before closing for the day are best adapted for music and the recitations not requiring prolonged or concentrated attention. Two similar studies should not follow each other, as, for example, drawing and writing, for this fatigues the part of the brain employed. The thought should be to so plan the day's work that the change from one study to another is restful, relieving.

Do Not Begin the Formal Studies the First Day

Lastly, we cannot hope to avoid fatiguing pupils if the first day they enter school we plunge them into reading, number, and all the other formal studies. These subjects require great stillness of body and concentration of attention,— things which should be required of the pupil only very gradually, and probably somewhat later than is the custom at present. One of the most distinguished educators in this country said to me recently that he is coming to the conviction that we begin all the formal studies too early, and I find myself growing in sympathy with this view. The kind of work best suited to a child of five is that which will allow him a large amount of freedom in its prosecution, and which will exercise the body as well as the mind. I shall have much to say upon this subject in the course of these talks, and so need not enter into greater detail in discussing the matter at this time.

Kindergarten Methods and Materials in Primary Schools

(The following extracts are from an address by Mary Stone Gregory, Superintendent of Kindergartens, Topeka, before the State Teacher's Association at Kansas.— ED.)

THAT kindergarten methods are needed and wanted now in the primary schools, is conceded by nearly all educators and school superintendents. To such a degree is this the fact that training classes for kindergarten teachers are required to learn the connecting work for primary schools, and in many cities the primary teachers are required to have a practical knowledge of kindergarten methods.

The kindergarten offers the only proper introduction to the school. It affords the easy and happy transition from the home to the primary school. The latter should also be a similar intermediary for the child between the primary school and the next step upward in school life, in which books become the constant and principal medium of study. Unless kindergarten methods are used in the primary school, the transition from the kindergarten to that school is not in harmony with the law of evolution — the only law of natural growth and development. Each stage of evolution contains something of its former state, and also a hint of its next condition.

The ideal school does not yet exist in any grade, but the primary will be nearer that standard when the stationary desks and seats give place to tables and chairs similar to those used in the kindergartens. New life and freshness will enter with the advent of the magic kindergarten circle upon the floor, for that will admit of exercises and games in which moral lessons of politeness, forbearance, coöperation, inter-dependence, and courtesy may be taught through the medium of play, far better than in the unguided, boisterous, meaningless play of the school-yard.

To give added interest and zest to the child's first experience in school-life (the kindergarten is not a school — we never speak of it as such), whether he has previously had the kindergarten training or not, I would suggest the introduction of more play into the work. By this I mean play in its broadest sense as it applies to the whole human race and to every stage of life from infancy to old age.

By play I mean the self-activity — the play of all the child's powers — the play of mind, the play of thought, the play of imagination. "The child's mind can only produce in the joyousness of play, with the stimulus of a desired end to be obtained, or of an awakened sense of the beautiful to be satisfied.

The aim of practical education is to teach the child to know the world about him. In order to attain to any degree of that knowledge he must know something about the properties of matter. The three simplest universal properties are color, form and number. These the child can readily comprehend; and with the use of kindergarten materials the primary school can extend that knowedge to a greater degree than in any other way. Many primary schools are now using kindergarten materials and methods. To awaken and develop the sense of appreciation of color, from a practical as well as æsthetic standpoint, the cutting, folding and parquetry papers are admirable aids. They are based upon a scientific scale of color, and include representations of different angles, and the square and circle with their divisions; thus affording a most fascinating and attractive method of teaching number at the same time that they enable the child to make something that is pretty. The work with these colored papers has the property of permanency, and may be owned by the child.

The Fifth and Sixth gifts, known as the building gifts, are rich in mathematical possibilities. The Fifth gift is a wooden cube divided twice in every direction, thus making twenty-seven equal cubes one inch square. Three of these are again divided diagonally into halves, and three others are sub-divided into quarters — making thirty-nine pieces in all.

With this block of senseless wood the child may learn the division of a solid into parts or fractions, beginning with halves and continuing to twenty-sevenths. "What man tries to represent, that he begins to understand." The child that *makes* fractions will learn their relation to the whole, better than in any other way.

With these two gifts, the building instinct can be awakened and gratified, and they also offer an opportunity for careful hand training.

Architectural form can be made very near to reality, with the Fifth gift, on account of the prisms it contains. Swiss cottages with sloping and over-hanging roofs and chimneys, churches, factories, monuments, bridges, towers, furniture, and many other familiar objects can be constructed out of the many parts of the cube. Addition, subtraction, multiplication and division can also be carried out with the whole cube, and many geometrical forms can be made with them, such as triangles, rectangles, rhomboids, trapezoids, hexagons, octagons, pentagons.

The various prisms can also be developed, the square, the four-sided, the six-sided, and others.

By seeing, hearing and doing, the child makes knowledge his own possession, and retains enduring impressions of form and number.

The Sixth gift, also a wooden cube, is divided into twenty-seven oblongs; three of them are again divided lengthwise into two equal pillars, and six others are divided crosswise, each into two squares, thus giving thirty-six pieces in all. This gift possesses even greater possibilities (architecturally) than the former; for with it a still nearer approach to reality can be attained in building porches, pedestals and monuments. Altars and crosses reached by steps on each side, triumphal columns, houses with steps, windows and doors, church organs, and artistic forms can be combined.

Thus observation and comparison will be developed, which must precede representation. Form and number are continually presented, and the use of these gifts will be as agreeable and entertaining to the teacher as to the pupil.

There is another kindergarten gift, consisting of whole and divided rings, that might well be used in the primary school, especially if accompanied with the corresponding paper rings gummed upon one side, to be used in perpetuating the patterns and designs made with the steel rings.

The use of these kindergarten gifts is no robbery from the kindergarten, for which they were devised, for the children of ordinary kindergarten age cannot exhaust the lessons and designs that lie within them.

Frœbel recognized the need of "Transition Classes," as he called them. He wished them to be introduced during the last year of the child's life in the kindergarten, and they are; but as I have said, it is necessary for the primary school to be made another "Transition class," — a mediator between the kindergarten and the higher school. Continuity is the fundamental law of education. It is the ever-present, ever-leading principle in a true kindergarten.

The child is led to think in the kindergarten, but always with the object present, to which its thought is directed. The object of the primary school is to awaken independendent or abstract thought.

But the average child enters the primary school without any previous training or direction of thought; therefore he needs the aids that the kindergarten supplies. To those who have been so favored as to have had that preliminary fundamental training, the presence of the familiar gifts will awaken delight, and the advanced work that he can do with them will be a fulfilment of the law of continuity and progression.

Memory and imagination are to be developed in the primary school, and this can best be done by following the kindergarten method of telling stories in the morning talk, the stories, of course, to be more advanced, introducing interesting *biography*, which is the *beginning of history*, then allowing the children to tell the same story on the following day.

The primary school should also continue the study of plant and animal life that is begun in the kindergarten. This can be done only by having boxes of flower-pots in which each child may plant seeds and watch them grow. He will care more to study the *formation* of a leaf or flower that has been the result of his planting and faithful care.

Do not infer from what I have said that it would be well for primary teachers to attempt to use kindergarten material without proper instruction in its use — such an attempt would result in failure. It would be well if all primary teachers could add a thorough kindergarten training to their other preparations for teaching. When that is not possible, they can study, either with a private teacher, or avail themselves of the opportunity offered in the many summer schools which include a kindergarten department and lecture course for primary teachers who desire to study the new education.

Spring is Coming

Spring is coming up the valleys, now the grasses hear her tread,
And the little sleeping rootlets nod each hidden, drowsy head.

Mother Nature's looms are weaving dresses fine of every hue,
For the daffodils the yellow, for the wind-flowers soft, pale blue.

All the pansy scouts are watching for the enemy's retreat;
With the sun and wind against him, how can winter help defeat?

— *Sel.*

Spring's Awakening

A. C. Scammell

"SPRING, as a season, is a baseless myth," writes one of her prosy lovers.

Sometimes in mid-February she surprises us with a visit, bringing with her a few of her children, the pale spring beauty, the sparrow, and the redwing. She comes only to prospect, however; but her smile stays and gladdens the time of waiting for her next visit.

This year, let us teach our children to await and welcome spring's intermittent visits. For so shall we lengthen spring-time in the heart and in the year.

Not forgetting the charm of the old familiar lanes, let us guide the children along the highway of Nature, where they can see more, and understand better the working out of one Great-Plan.

How alike are the winter sleep and the spring awakening of plants and animals!

When the first warm days come, excite the children to a lively watchout for the animals that awake early from their long sleep. Children are fond of watching things. Ask them to watch the very shortest-lived flowers with the lowest forms of animal life. They will compare the robin, the sparrow, and the fox with the hardy plants that live all the year; the daffodil, the crocus, and the snowdrop with the tortoise, the oriole, and the adder, since both find a warm winter bed, deep under the soil.

The children have watched more closely than we, the stowing away of nuts, grain, and grass for the winter, by those animals who have their waking days; but do they know that plants are just as busy in the autumn laying by *their* store of winter food? Do they know that September

is the plant's moving month, when they withdraw the useful material from the leaves and store it away in bulbs, roots, stem and bark? Have they learned that this removal causes the lovely autumn colors?

We give the children a good start in nature study, when we interest them in all of spring awakening. Curiosity will lead them on to see how nature keeps working all through the year.

With more than a smiling "Thank you" should the teacher welcome her gift of first spring flowers. Children like a question-greeting. "Which smell the sweeter, these small, delicate flowers, or the large bright flowers of autumn?" "Which sing the more sweetly, the plain birds, or those of brilliant plumage?" Questions that lead the children to search for the beautiful law of compensation, are weighted wisdom.

And when they find it, how naturally and reverently it leads to the revealing of the sweet mystery of life,— that when the bees visit the early spring flowers, they not only carry away honey, but leave the fertilizing pollen, that the flower may continue its kind.

Following this hint, may they not, later on, study out the source of animal life? Surely such knowledge, gained by thoughtful induction, must be invested with a sacredness which saves it from being premature.

We may have taught that everything in nature has its purpose; let us go farther, now, and say its general and its special purpose. Children usually know or can guess the one, but must observe and think closely to find the other. "Flowers are bright and fragrant to give pleasure," they say; but after thoughtfully watching the bees, butterflies, and night moths, the children decide that colors and scents are honey guides to these insects; the bright and less odorous flowers attracting by day, while the pure white and heavily-scented blossoms of the night-flowering plants, guide in the darkness. Let us follow up the finding of the two uses in as many specimens of plant and animal life as may be expedient. In such following, our pupils will lead as into many a pleasant by-path of nature.

So many curious facts in Nature's cyclopædia! —That the clover-blossom has so long a tube that its honey can be reached by only one insect, the bumble-bee, which has a very long proboscis; that sometimes a single limb of the oak or the beech will retain its leaves until the swelling leaf-buds of the next year crowd them away; that there are six hundred, or more perfect flowers in the yellow center of the white daisy, and that the tassels of the willow and the alder are composed of lovely blossoms; that the witch hazel does not blossom until its leaves have fallen in late autumn, and that it sometimes keeps its blossoms through December snows; that by severing the branch from the fruit-tree, and nursing it indoors, we may have spring blossoms fully four weeks before the time. Then that most wonderful of all facts, that every part of the plant, and even its colors and perfumes are made from the colorless, odorless sap, as all the unlike parts of the animal o ganism are made from the red blood.

Children tire of always hearing of "purling brook and pussy willows," dearly as they love them. Correlative nature study, with a little more of the prose element in it, affords a profitable change.

Hope

Hope is the tune of the spring-bird's song
And the leaves in all their prisons hark,
And blossoms know 'tis the end of dark,
Of winter so cold and long.— *Sel.*

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water around you curled
And the wonderful grass upon your breast.
World! you are beautifully dressed."

Number III

JOHN H. TEAR Principal Washington School Chicago Ill.

Relative Size

Place on each pupil's desk a bundle of sticks from 1 in. to 6 in. long. Have several sticks of each length. Show the face of a 4 in. cube. (Fig. 1.)

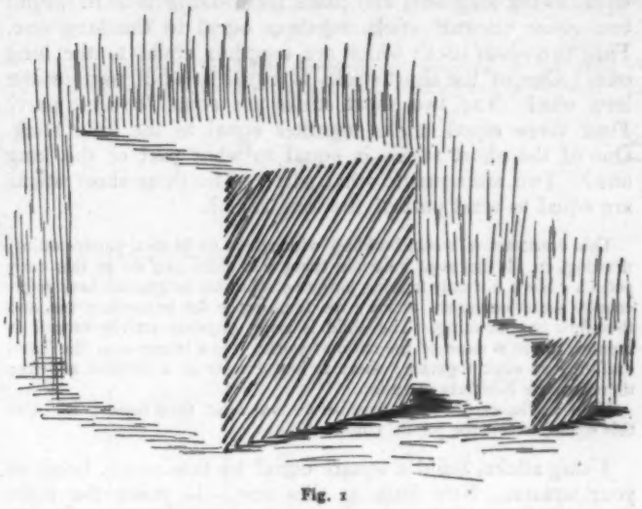


Fig. 1

Using sticks, build a square equal to this 4 in. square. Build again, using sticks equal to *this* one (showing a 2 inch stick.) Build the square using only the shortest sticks. Build a rectangle half as large. Three times as large. (Fig. 2.)

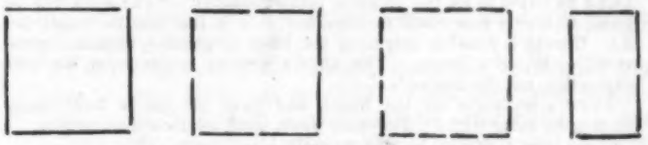


Fig 2

Place in the hands of each child a 2 inch square cut out of paper.

Build a square equal to this one. Build a rectangle twice as long; one-half as large. *Measure.* Are your forms the right size? Build a rectangle three times as long as your square. Build a square whose length is twice the length of this one. It is equal to how many of your paper squares? Using sticks, divide your large square into two equal parts. Each part is equal to how many of your paper squares? Are the two parts equal?

Make the largest square you can, using sticks of only one length. The smallest. Make a square equal to *this* (show the face of a 6 in. cube, Fig. 3,) using sticks of two different lengths on each side. Build the same, using two equal sticks on each side. The same, using three equal sticks on each side.

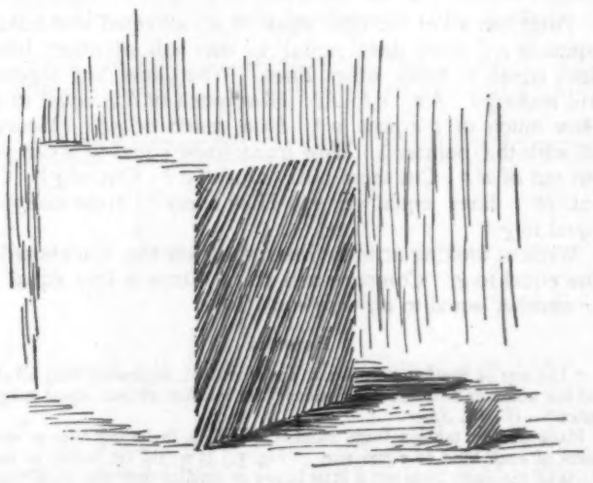


Fig. 3

Place your sticks in groups of the same length. Which group contains the longest sticks? The shortest? Which are most nearly equal in length? Which group contains sticks twice as long as those of another group? Three times as long?

Select one of your longest sticks and place it on the desk before you. Find two *unequal* sticks which are together equal to the long one, and place them along side it. Find two *other* unequal sticks together equal to the long one. Find two *equal* sticks which are together equal to the long one. One of the short sticks is equal to what part of the long one? The two short sticks are equal to what part? Find three equal sticks together equal to the long stick. One of the short sticks is equal to what part of the long one? Two are equal to what part? The three short sticks are equal to what part of the long stick?

This constructive work, building with sticks or blocks, paper-cutting, drawing, etc., is the most valuable thing the child can do at this early period. He is not only making judgments, but his judgments have reference to some immediate action; his thinking is for immediate use, and therefore has meaning. The child is using physical activity as well as mental; there is more of the child at work; it is a larger act; the hand and the eye work together; there is less danger of a divided activity; there is more complete attention.

Hold a 4 in. cardboard square before the class; then remove it. Use this square to test the pupils' constructions.

Using sticks, build a square equal to this one. Look at your square. Now look at this one. Is yours the right size? Tell me as I test with this square. Build a rectangle twice as long as this square. One half as large. One three times as long. Compare and test as before.

Do not suggest *what* to do. Let the children make comparisons and select the sticks they wish to use. If wrong, let them find their own mistakes. The teacher should simply furnish the conditions for growth. Don't be afraid to let the children make mistakes. "The work will be good, no matter how crude or imperfect, if it is the best the pupil can do. Growth is possible only from the basis of genuine, natural expression."— *W. W. Speer.* The child's growth comes from his own expression, not the teacher's.

Draw a rectangle on the board, and have the pupils build equal rectangles, using sticks Test their work, using cardboard rectangles.

Place lines of various lengths upon the blackboard. (Fig. 4.)

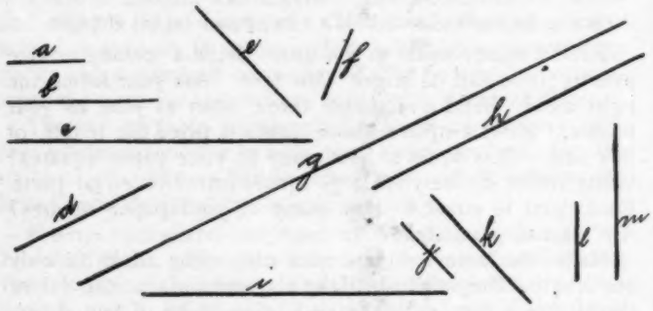


Fig. 4

Point out all of the lines equal to *a;* all equal to *b;* those equal to *c*. Find lines equal to one-half of other lines; lines equal to twice other lines. What lines put together will make *g*? *h*? *e*? *i*? How much of *b* is equal to *a*? How much of *c* equals *a*? How much of *g*? (Measure off with the pointer.) How many lines equal to *a* can you cut out of *d*? Cut them out. Out of *c*? Out of *g*? Cut out of *c* lines equal to *b*. How many? How many *b*'s equal to *g*?

Without looking at these lines, draw on the blackboard a line equal to *g*. Compare and test. Draw a line equal to *i;* another equal to *a;* one equal to *k*.

Equality

"The *one* of mathematics is not an individual, separated from all else, but the union of two like impressions; the relation of two equal magnitudes."— *W. W. Speer.*

Place on the table a large number of solids, including two or more forms of each kind of equal size. (Fig. 5.) It would be better to have solids of the same form just a little larger or smaller than the equal ones. Use, also, equal rectangles, triangles, rulers, sticks, etc.

1. *Observation.* Find equal solids. Find two equal spheres: two equal large cubes; two equal small cubes; equal cones; equal cylinders; equal prisms.

Find equal rectangles; equal squares; equal triangles; equal sticks; equal rulers.

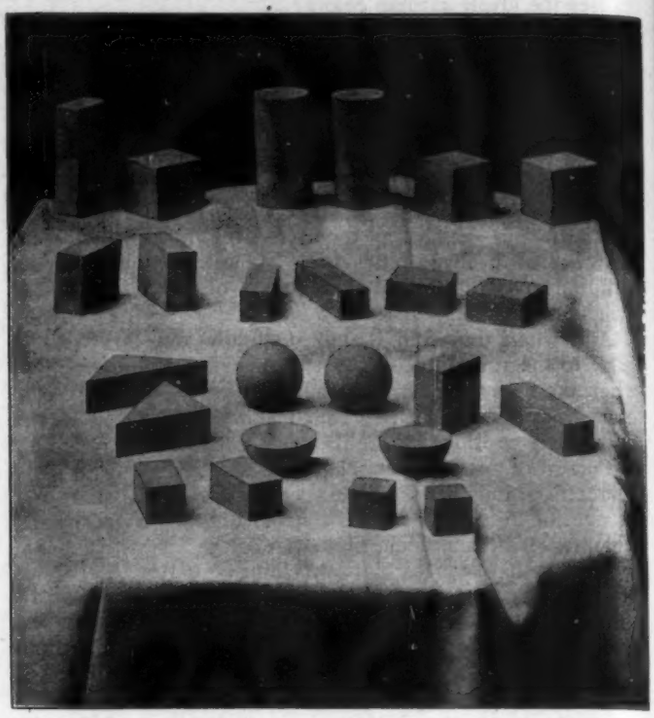


Fig. 5

Specific questions like these should not be given. Simply ask the children to find equal objects; then leave them free to select what they will. Over-questioning is destructive of that free action of the mind so essential to true growth. These questions are given rather to suggest what the pupils may find than to serve as typical questions.

Find equal objects about the room. The pupils respond: "These two pencils are equal." "This desk is equal to that." "I have two equal pieces of crayon." "The window-panes are equal."

Think of things that are equal. "Two lamp-posts are equal." "The front wheels of a wagon are equal." "I saw two equal silver dollars."

2. *Cutting.* Cut a square equal to this one. Compare. Is it the right size? Are the two squares equal? Try it again. Cut a rectangle. Cut another rectangle the same size. Measure. Are they equal? Cut this two by four rectangle into two equal parts. Are the parts equal? Try again.

3. *Drawing.* Draw a square equal to the face of this cube. Compare and test. Is your square the right size? Draw a rectangle. Draw another one just as large. Are your two rectangles equal? Draw a square much larger than the first. Draw another equal to it. Draw a line. Draw another equal to it. Draw a long line. Place a point in the middle. Are the two parts equal? Measure.

4. *Building.* Using inch cubes, build a square prism equal to this one. (Fig. 6.) Build a cube equal to this one. Build a cube equal to the same cube, using small square prisms. Build a square prism equal to the large one, using small prisms.

Ratios

Tell the pupils that the relation or ratio of A to B (Fig. 7) is *one*, because they are equal. This is simply another statement for what the children already *see*. They recognize equal things. They may now learn that the relation between two equal things is called *one*. Let the children find the ratio *one*. Holding up two equal cubes, a child says: "The ratio of this cube to this cube is one." Let the pupils find the ratio *one* a great many times. They will find the ratios *two*, *three*, etc., without help, if solids representing those ratios are at hand. (Fig. 8.) Either term, *ratio* or *relation*, may be used.

What is the relation or ratio of *a* to *b*? Of *a* to *c*? Of *a* to *d*? How many blocks the size of *a* can be cut out of *c*? Out of *d*? If we call *a* 1, what must we call *b*?

How much is *c*? How much is *d*? What is the ratio of *c* to each of the others? Give the ratio of *d* to each of the others.

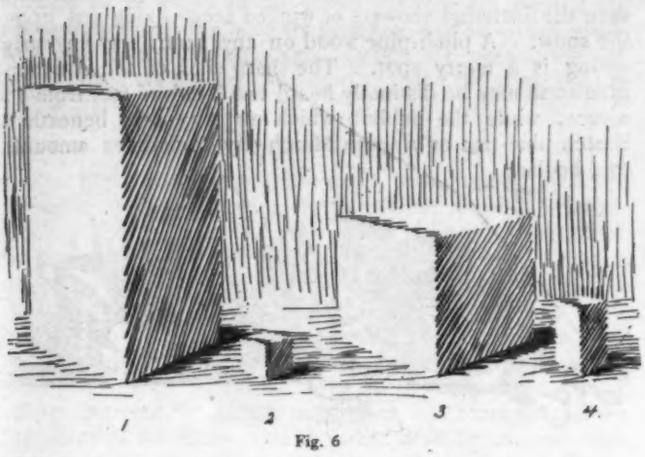


Fig. 6

If *a* is 2, what is each of the others? Call *a* 2, and name the blocks in order from left to right; from right to left. (2, 6, 4, 2 · 2, 4, 6, 2.)

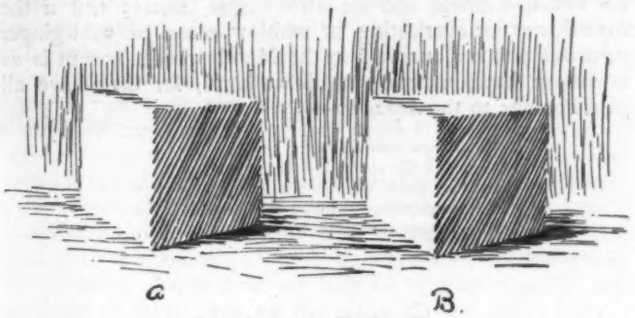


Fig. 7

What part of each of the other solids is equal to *a*? If *a* is worth 5 cents, what is each of the others worth? If *b* weighs a pound, what ought each of the others to weigh? If *c* costs a dime, what part of a dime should *a* cost? How many dimes should *d* cost?

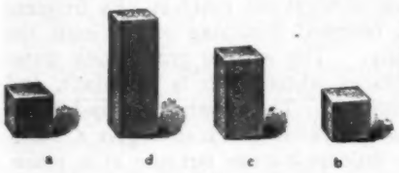


Fig. 8

If *a* is 10, *d* is how many 10's? *c* is how many 10's? $\frac{1}{2}$ of *c* is how many 10's? $\frac{1}{2}$ of *b* equals what part of 10? If *b* equals 6, *c* equals how many 6's? *d* equals how many 6's? If *a* equals 100, how many hundreds does each of the other solids equal?

Call *d* 1, *a* equals what part of 1? *b* equals what part? *c* equals what part: If *d* is 1, what must we call each of the other solids? What is the ratio of $\frac{1}{3}$ to 1? Of $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$? Of 1 to $\frac{1}{3}$? Of 1 to $\frac{2}{3}$? (Ans.: $\frac{2}{3}$ is the ratio of 1 to $\frac{2}{3}$.) Call *c* 1, what does each of the others equal?

Notice that in these exercises, when a value is *given* to one block, the values of the other blocks are determined by their *relations* to this one. The four quantities in Fig. 8 have certain definite relations to each other; no matter what *names* are attached to the quantities, the *relations* remain the same; and if the value of one quantity is known, that of the others may be determined by these relations. If *c* equals 1, *a* equals $\frac{1}{2}$; but if *d* equals 1, then *a* equals $\frac{1}{3}$. Yet, whether *a* equals $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{3}$, *d* is three times as great; in the one case it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ and in the other 1. These exercises compel the pupil to make constant comparisons. He must constantly measure the solids whose values he wishes to get by that whose value he has taken as the standard. The child should be so familiar with these blocks that the relation may be recognized at once through the eye, but if he is not thus familiar with them, if he makes mistakes, he should measure with the blocks in his hand.

These exercises involve a *process*; there is a constant movement of thought. When *c* is compared with *b* and the relation 2 discovered, *c* is broken up mentally into two parts, each equal to *b*, and then these two parts are recombined to form the whole again. This is the analytic synthetic movement which characterizes all thought. When the child makes these comparisons for himself, when the teacher keeps still and lets the child *see* relations before trying to express them, then the pupil is growing; he is gaining power to think; he is not merely memorizing a lot of words.

Build *d*, using other blocks in the group: "*c* and *a* equal *d*"; "*a*, *b*, and $\frac{1}{2}$ of *c* equal *d*"; "*c*, $\frac{1}{2}$ of *a*, and $\frac{1}{2}$ of *b* equal *d*"; "*a*, $\frac{1}{2}$ of *b*, and $\frac{3}{4}$ of *c* equal *d*." Build *c*. Find parts of the others equal to *b*. *d* is how much greater than *c*? Than *b*? How much less than *d* is *b*?

Giving values to these forms, have pupils combine in the same way. Find differences. Draw rectangles on the blackboard as shown in Fig. 9.

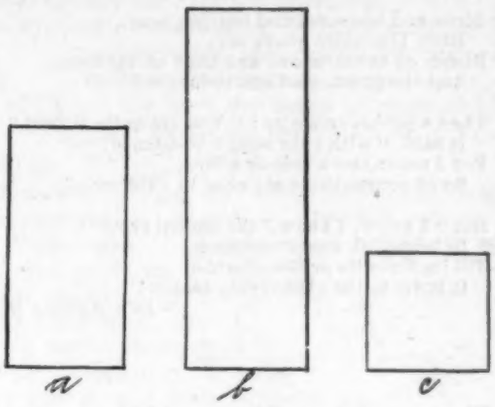


Fig. 9

Tell all you can about these rectangles. Compare *c* with *a*; with *b*. Compare *a* with *c*; with *b*. Compare *b* with *c*; with *a*. *c* equals what part of each of the others? Give the relation of *c* to each of the others. Give the relation of *a* to the others; of *b*.

Call *c* 2 and name the others; name the rectangles from right to left; from left to right. Look the other way and name again. Can you see the three rectangles *in your mind*? Which one is at the right? At the left? 2 equals what part of 4? Of 6? 4 equals what part of 6? Give the relation of 2 to 4; of 4 to 2; of 2 to 6; of 6 to 2; of 4 to 6; of 6 to 4.

In this case the children compare the images of the rectangles in their minds The numbers, 2, 4, 6, simply name the quantities compared. Remember that it is just as necessary to get away from external objects as it is to begin with them. The pupils sh uld be given frequent opportunity to image the objects with which they are dealing. The relations must be freed from the particular things in which they are expressed. When the child can image the objects with which he deals, he has taken a long step toward this freedom, for he can then represent to himself relations at will.

The sizes and positions of the forms on the board should be constantly varied. The child does not know the relation 2 until he has found it many times, expressed in many different quantities; so, too, the names or values given to the forms should be constantly changed. Avoid any opportunity for the child to *fix* the relations in any particular quantities.

Tell all you can about these rectangles. (Fig. 10.) Find the relation 2 as many times as you can: "2 is the relation of *b* to *a*"; "2 is the relation of $\frac{3}{4}$ of *c* to *a*; of *b* to $\frac{1}{2}$ of *c*; of $\frac{1}{2}$ of *c* to *b*; of 2 *b*'s to $\frac{3}{4}$ of *c*; of *a* to $\frac{1}{2}$ of *a*."

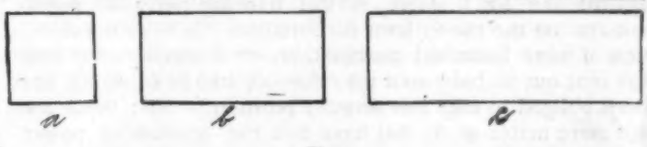


Fig. 10

Call *a* 3 and name each of the others. If *b* is 1, what are the other forms? If *c* equals 6, what does *a* equal? *b*? If *b* is 5, *a* is what part of 5? What is *c*? Find the ratio $\frac{1}{2}$ as often as you can. Find the ratio $\frac{1}{3}$; the ratio 3; the ratio $\frac{2}{3}$.

The Tendril's Faith

Under the snow in the dark and the cold
A pale little tendril was humming;
Sweetly it sang 'neath the frozen mold
Of the beautiful days that were coming.

"How foolish your songs," said a lump of clay;
"What is there, I ask, to prove them?
Just look at these walls between you and the day—
How can you have power to remove them?"

But under the ice and under the snow
The pale little sprout kept singing,
"I cannot tell how, but I know, I know—
I know what the days are bringing;

"Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
Blue, blue skies above me;
Bloom on the meadow, and buds on the trees,
And the great, glad sun to love me."

Then a pebble spoke up: "You are quite absurd,"
It said, "with your song's insistence;
For *I* never saw a tree or a bird,
So of course there are none in existence."

But "I know, I know," the tendril cried
In beautiful, sweet unreason,
Till lo, from its prison glorified
It burst in the glad spring season!

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

From Hamilton Gibson's "Sharp Eyes"

"The breath of spring is in the air, though the meadows be still white with lingering snows. Almost any day now we may listen confidently for the fine prophetic hum of the first honey-bee. For the bees have felt the vernal prophecy, and have heard whispers of sweets and blossoms in the air.

Skunk Cabbage

It is now some weeks before the wood bouquet of anemones and bloodroots may be sought with confidence, but the honey-bee knows where to find a pioneer blossom that is fast going to seed when these wood blooms first show their faces. No matter, then how cold or wintry the landscape, go now in early March to the wet lowlands, and get your first vernal greeting from the lowly hermit of the bog. What matters it that our purple-mottled, hooded blossom is not graced with perfume nor blest with a poetic name? What though it may not appear to advantage in a buttonhole? The *skunk cabbage* hood is as much entitled to the name of flower as its close relative the beautiful calla.

Seeds

What a universal expression of joyous anticipation, what murmurings of gladness might we not perceive in the air during the next few weeks were our human senses sufficiently delicate aud inspired! What breathings of unfolding catkins of alder and willow, and from swelling buds everywhere! What tidings from the myriad quickening seeds down against the sod! Here is this dancing party of maple samaras on the snowy lawn for instance. Is this an exhibition of mere botanical germination, or a simple seed that has sent out its baby root into the soil, and in so doing has been obliged to take this singular position? No; these are not mere maple seeds that have felt the quickening power of the south wind, but a troop of happy children literally standing on their heads in glee. What thoughts are brewing in those heads with their fur-lined caps? What deep plans for a future maple grove out there upon the lawn?

Early Frogs

Almost any bright, genial day now we may listen for the first note of the spring peepers, the tiny piping frogs that wet their whistles in the lowlands, and whose shrill chorus at the water's edge will soon usher in the April twilights, and keep the stars dancing on the palpitating ripples until the dawn.

Pine Cones

The pine-cones in the tree-tops are firing their salutes to the first spring breeze. As early as February I have heard the pitch-pine woods merry with the clicking cones, and seen the fluttering showers of winged seeds flying out upon the snow. A pitch-pine wood on any sunny day in early spring is a merry spot. The sharp click of the Austrian pine-cone may be distinctly heard two hundred feet from its source, while the hubbub which we may hear beneath a Scotch pine-tree on a warm March day sometimes amounts to a bedlam.

The Hepatica

What is the earlist blossom? No, it is not the yellow violet, nor the claytonia, nor the squirrel-corn, nor the arbutus, nor the bloodroot, nor the anemones, that first follow the swamp-cabbage and the silver maple-tassels; and if the rock-flower, or everlasting, or whitlow grass, or wild-ginger surprises you in your walk in the March woods, accept is as a witness that your true guest is at hand, for they have all paid homage to the *hepatica* —

"Whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty; for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar."

Spring Buds

Willow Buds

The willow buds are among the first the children will find and bring to school. Trim off the end of the twig and place in water where the warm sunlight can reach it. By frequent change of water and renewed trimming of the ends the buds will develop rapidly. The willows grow along water courses or in swampy places, where water is abundant, and thus start early in the spring. The brown scale and white "pussy" resting against the yellow green stem give a beautiful color effect. The little buds come out one at a place, so that you can travel up the stem as on a spiral staircase till you reach the slender, pointed leaf buds near the top. How closely these flower buds are packed together on the stem, so that no room shall be lost! A hard, brown scale covers each little white cluster of flowers, and both scale and cluster are set safely on a small shelf on the stem. If we examine these scales, we find they are very smooth inside and are curved into a little cup to hold the soft, white "pussies." The downy, white hairs that give the name "pussy" to the flower cluster are meant to keep the little flowers warm during the cold winter. After a few days in the warm sunshine and water, the cluster grows larger, the brown scale is slowly pushed off, till it drops, and out from among the soft, white hairs are seen little flower parts growing. Perhaps they may be of a pink tint or they may be greenish. When fully open we shall find one stem covered with large, yellow clusters, from which a fine yellow powder is scattered. These are the flowers that have stamens and pollen. By looking closely we discover the short stamen stems, with their pollen boxes on top, two at a place. A picture drawn on the blackboard will help the children understand these flowers. The color and odor of these clusters attract the small bees and flies that come out on the first warm days, for at the base of each little flower is a pocket with sweet honey or nectar waiting for them. As they push in to find the sweets they will be

covered with the yellow powder which they will carry off to the next kind of flower cluster. On another of our stems we will find green clusters of flowers, with many little pointed parts, which we call pistils. These are waiting for the pollen, which the bees are bringing, and to attract them they also have a sweet pocket. When the bees bring the pollen, then the flowers can begin to make the seeds for the willow trees.

Horse-Chesnut Buds

The horse-chestnut bud has large, brown scales, arranged in pairs, and closely packed together in a spiral arrangement. These scales are covered with thick pitch or varnish to prevent sudden chills or to keep out the water, which would rot the leaves or split them open by freezing. As these buds open in the sunlight we can see the downy hairs, in which the leaves are packed, as soft as cotton or wool. "The baby horse-chestnut leaves wear a fur-lined waterproof, so thickly varnished over as to shed water like a rubber overcoat." As the buds open still more we can see the shape of the scales, and it is not hard to imagine them as a special kind of leaf made to wrap the other leaves. When they were shut we had to pick hard to open them, and, perhaps, tore them in doing it, but when the warm sunshine begins its work they open easily and gently,—nature's usual way of working. By and by the scales bend back so that we can see the leaves distinctly, and we are interested to count them, to see how they are folded into such a small space. Every portion is carefully protected by the wool, even the flower clusters in the midst of some of the buds are wound in cotton. As the leaves expand we can count the leaflets on each compound leaf,—five or seven is the usual number. If we look along the stem for the old leaf scars, just below the buds, we shall find a horseshoe-like scar, with five or seven points which resemble the nail points in the shoe. This may not be the history of the name, but it is an interesting resemblance. By counting the leaflets we may be able to explain the meaning of these dots on the scars of last year's leaves. As we find a flower cluster in the middle of some buds, with leaves on each side of it, we can explain the round scar which we found at the fork of the stem, where the double buds grew. Along the stem, at different intervals, are found series of rings arranged close together; by referring to the arrangement of the opening bud scales in rings, we can conclude that these rings are scars of the old buds. It is interesting to compare the growth of the different years, and by the scars think out the history of the twig. Such observation exercises lead the children to study nature for the story to reveal.

"The stems on which these buds rest are stored with rich nourishment, which was laid away last summer in the wood and bark. The leaves drank in the late summer sunshine, the eager roots soaked up the late summer rain, and the nourishment thus gathered, no longer needed to support a showy and expensive family of blossoms, could be stored away beneath the bark for the next year's buds. It is owing to this forehanded way of hoarding nourishment that plants are able to shoot forth so vigorously at the first warm breath of spring. Everything was prepared, and even formed, beforehand."—*A. C. Boyden in Journal of Education.*

Primary Work at City Normal School, Chicago

(Formerly Cook County Normal School)

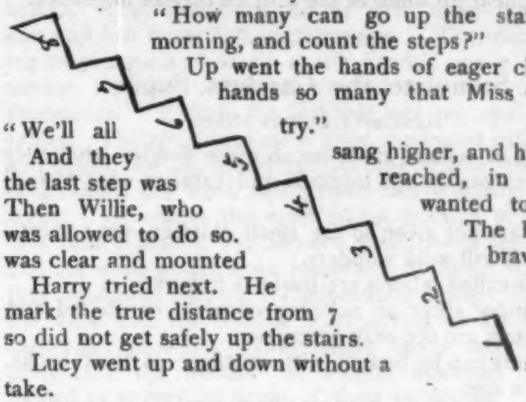
(Reported for PRIMARY EDUCATION by ALCYONA JOHNSON)

THERE were three groups of children to be provided with work — wide-awake children wanting something to do.

What could be given to interest everyone? This was my query as I went among them one morning.

I give you this report of what they did, and I assure you they were happily and helpfully interested.

Miss C— made a stairway on the blackboard like this:



"How many can go up the stairway this morning, and count the steps?"

Up went the hands of eager children — hands so many that Miss C — said, "We'll all try."

And they sang higher, and higher until the last step was reached, in the scale. Then Willie, who wanted to try alone was allowed to do so. The little voice was clear and mounted bravely.

Harry tried next. He failed to mark the true distance from 7 to 8, and so did not get safely up the stairs.

Lucy went up and down without a single mistake.

Then the children took long steps: 1–3–5–7, 1–5–8, and the music lesson was over.

. . . . . .

To one group Miss C— said,

"Open your mineral boxes and take out all the stones that have no lime in them. Leave the rest in the boxes and bring them to the front seats.

Group 2 may take from their boxes all the stones having no lime in them, put them in beautiful order on their desks, and paint them, writing the name of each stone as it is painted.

Group 3 may have some clay and make what they would like for Christmas." The materials were soon arranged and the groups began their work.

Each child in the first group found its place at the blackboard and wrote the names of the specimens it had selected as containing no lime.

Up hill and down hill the words ran; some letters had more height than the rules allow and some less, but there stood the facts:

Marble has lime in it.
Limestone has lime in it.
A shell has lime in it.

"How do you know?" I ventured to ask a small maid.

"We poured acid on them and they bubbled," she said.

"What about the others?"

"They didn't bubble because there was no lime in them."

I was convinced.

The watchful eyes of the teacher followed the work. She gave a suggestion here and there, wrote a word the child could not spell, and erased it quickly, read some of the sentences and expressed approval, and when all had finished sent the children to their seats.

. . . . . .

"I have placed some pieces of a stone on the table," Miss C— said. "I'll tell you what I know about it. Then you may find it and bring it to me."

She wrote,

"It has no lime in it."

The children told what she had written.

"It is hard," that too was soon read.

"It is red," and the hands went up as before to tell her the children knew that too. So they were sent for the new stone. Its name was on little slips of paper. Each child returned to his place with a small piece of a red stone and a paper bearing the name *quartzite*.

In the meantime the other workers with stones had shown on paper the colors and forms of their specimens.

And the workers in clay! Surely everyone will be a potter or a sculptor!

How they rolled and pounded and pulled and patted that clay! One laddie rolled up his sleeves that he might the more easily transform the sticky mass into forms.

What did they want for Christmas?

Trees, sleds, dolls, doll's beds with sides to keep dolly from falling out, balls, lovely baskets full of candy, boxes, a train with a fine engine, a ring, a house, a gun, a horse — these were the things they made.

At the close of the hour the teacher looked at the work of each child, spoke enthusiastically of what each had tried to do, and held up some of the articles that all might see.

Stimulate the Careless Pupil

HENRIETTA DUBOIS MINER

Teachers of second grade pupils often wonder what they can do to encourage the laggards and careless ones toward better effort.

Reports are not given to the small children, yet a substitute for such will work wonders.

These so-called reports are made as follows:

An ordinary sheet of oak tag or white cardboard and some red stars are the only necessaries.

These stars can be bought with mucilage at their backs, all ready for use.

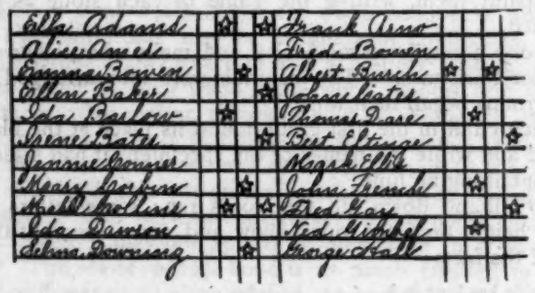
Rule the cardboard horizontally, for the names of the pupil, these names to be arranged alphabetically.

At the right of the row of names, rule five perpendicular lines, making thus four spaces, one for each week.

There is room on a sheet of oak tag for two rows of names and two sets of perpendicular lines.

The girls' names may be written in the first row, the boys' names in the second row.

This little chart may be hung in a conspicuous place.



At the end of the first week, if a child has been trying faithfully to make distinct figures and nicely spaced letters, a red star is given to him, which he places in the first space beside his name. The child fills a space with a star, each week that the *effort* to improve is continued.

At the end of the month the chart is cut into strips, each child receiving his own name and portion of the stars, as a reward.

This plan is an encouragement to both teachers and pupils. Try it.

Another Child-Study Letter

Dear Editor:—

My experience in this line of study has been comparatively short, but I shudder and blush with shame to think of the many blunders made through lack of child observation.

I have found that child-study destroys prejudice and constant nagging at dull and troublesome children. Promotes the positive which is the only true method of government, and creates a bond of sympathy between the home and the school.

A little girl in my room was constantly blinking. On asking her mother if it were defective eye-sight or habit I was told that Annie was very sensitive and cried at the slightest provocation. She had punished her severely for it. Thus the child had acquired the habit of blinking to keep from crying. The mother acknowledged her error, gave the matter into my hands and in less than four months she was almost entirely cured.

Record-Keeping

A record is almost indispensable. Not one filled up with useless questions and answers, for this is what makes the study seem valueless to so many. I have a common blank book in which an allowance of two or more pages is made for each child. The following are a few of the most important observations on one child.

Memory: Poor in the recollection of matter worth recalling.

Observation: Excellent in nature work and improvement noticeable.

Attention: Excellent in some things and chance to cultivate if kept interested and active.

Very affectionate and generous to those he likes but the opposite to those he dislikes. No encouragement at home to do the right. Parents quarrelsome and likewise the children. Surroundings not such as to cultivate his finer senses.

Moral Perceptions: weak. Given to everything of a base nature. Receives sympathy and help from parents whenever he gets into trouble. Dull in his lessons — apparently very studious but thought not concentrated on his work. Discovered by questioning.

Imagination: borders on the artistic but lack of will power to reach his imaginary ideals. Cares a great deal for public opinion and extremely anxious to stand high in his teacher's estimation — tries to obtain this standing by deceit.

Reasoning Powers: weak.

Quite impulsive, but easily controlled. Very cowardly and a great trial because of his slyness. Never best to reprove before the class as a so called false rebellious nature takes possession of him.

These observations become golden clasps which bind together the lives of pupils and teachers. Through them we are enabled not only to govern more efficiently but also to make our instruction meet the requirements of each individual.

When we truly believe that in every human being there is a spark of Divinity and use our utmost power to find and develop that higher nature, then, and not until then, can we be called true teachers.

All hail the day when we shall be more interested in child study.

IOWAN AMATEUR.

"Reading by Sound," or Thinking Through Symbols?

BELLE THOMAS

IN the February number of this paper Professor Edward P. Moses, Professor of Pedagogy in the Winthrop Normal College at Rock Hill, S. C., criticises an article on Primary Reading which I presented to your readers in the October paper. His criticism seems to center around a statement made there to the effect that I have heard children who had acquired this skill in word-building read page after page, each word pronounced correctly and the articulation perfect, but could not give an intelligent idea of what they had read; there was no thought back of the words; the symbols alone had been imaged in consciousness.

I am willing to grant that this statement in regard to my personal observation does not prove that the use of phonics as the principal means of teaching reading is wrong. I did not suppose that any one would draw such an inference.

In the first place, a poor teacher may use any method, it matters not how good, and yet make a complete failure of it. This statement, then, is simply one point in an argument against the too exclusive use of phonics, and one, too, through which I tried to sound a note of warning to some young teachers who are prone to become so enthusiastic over the use of a method that they forget the possibility even of the children needing something more.

Professor Moses has certainly had an unusual experience, for he tells us that he has never seen or heard of a teacher who taught dead and empty words. As a teacher of pedagogy he must visit many schools and yet he has never heard that monotonous, lifeless reading which I tried to describe in the paragraph quoted above. If Professor Moses will visit schools in the North he will frequently find teachers who teach little else than words, and yet they are not "dropped from the pay-roll." In the schools within my

critic's experience it matters little by what method reading is taught, for the children are safe if as soon as a teacher is "detected in a ridiculous performance" she is dropped.

Professor Moses makes this statement; "I never knew a teacher of reading, whether she used the word, alphabetic, sentence, or sound method, who did not believe that the ability to speak words was necessary. This, I grant him, is true except, of course, with the deaf and dumb; they learn to read readily, even though they cannot utter a sound. We are prone to forget that the silent reading is by far the most important.

Again, Professor Moses says, "I never knew an advocate of the teaching of reading who did not believe 'imaging' to be an integral element of reading." It certainly is refreshing and encouraging to know that all the teachers within the experience of one professor of pedagogy even believe that imaging is a necessary part of reading, but we should like to know whether these teachers carry this belief into their practice. If they do, then it matters little whether they use phonics continually or not, for after all, "educative imaging is the one thing needful in mental growth."

With such an experience I can readily see why my critic should feel that any warning against word-calling is only "a man of straw, set up to be knocked down."

I certainly did not mean to intimate that children cannot learn to read through the use of phonics. My personal acquaintance and experience with some of the best teachers of this country and Europe would forbid any such thought. It was the abuse of this important element of our language that I tried to emphasize.

As a student of educational history, I long ago learned to reverence the spirit with which such men as Comenius, Pestalozzi, and Joseph Payne strove for better things for the children; their earnestness in search of truth is our rich inheritance, and yet I cannot understand why their departed spirits should be summoned to prop up any particular method, unless it is the method of progress. We certainly would not think of using the word-method of Comenius as set forth in his famous "Orbus Pictus," nor would we be sure of a place in the pay-roll of any intelligent community were we to use the peculiar observation lessons of Pestalozzi. As for Joseph Payne, I cannot see why he should be an authority in our schools to-day because he used phonics to fight the stupid A, B, C, methods of his own time.

If to attack the wrong use of phonics is to endanger the reputation of those men cited in my critic's article, why may I not be permitted to summon those with whom I am personally acquainted for the reverse side; Dewey, Parker, Balliet, Farnham, Jackman, and a host of others who are working to-day for the best interest of our American schools.

My critic is a professor of pedagogy — the science of education; now will he not give us, as he undoubtedly can, sound, philosophical reasons for his method? Thousands of teachers are studying this subject of primary reading. They are not satisfied with the results obtained and are frank enough to say so.

Sarcasm and ridicule are scarcely at home to-day among educators. Let us put aside all such feeling. We need to argue fairly and honestly, with the firm belief that there is "an infinite vista of fair things for the teacher" and remembering, too, that the one great danger which confronts us is in becoming too fixed in any one method.

Personally, I confess that I wish Professor Moses had a foeman more worthy of his steel. It certainly would be helpful to me, as it would to many others in this vast army of primary teachers, if we could have this question discussed strictly from the fundamental principles of education.

It has been my good fortune to be associated for many years with Col. Parker, both as pupil and teacher, and it is but natural that my thought and work have been influenced by such a leader. I would, therefore, respectfully request Professor Moses to read the chapters on Reading in "Talks on Pedagogics," and then criticise them from a psychological standpoint. Tell us through the columns of this paper where Col. Parker is wrong, and from this there may arise a discussion that will prove valuable to all interested in this important subject.

Again "The Synthetic"

Dear Editor:—

May I tell *my* experience with this haunting "Synthetic" that will not "down?"

I encountered it first ten years ago in the progressive state of — well "out west." It had just appeared fresh (?) from the brain of its author. Its converts were marked by tremendous zeal. They were so certain they had touched the "bed rock" method of teaching little children to read that they simply posed while they challenged.

I found in a primary room a class of beginners in reading — a little more than the average age of first year children — who had entered school for the first time eight months before. They had been put at once upon the synthetic diet and had never had anything else. The teacher, wishing to give me a phonetic shock handed me a dictionary, saying, "Please select some word for these children to pronounce." I chose the first that met my eye — *compensation*. The teacher wrote it upon the board without marks and before the last letters had become visible, the children pronounced the word com-pen-sa-tion — slowly, but correctly. Of course the word meant nothing to them, but that didn't matter. It showed their power to pronounce and the word would mean something to them some day if they lived long enough. The morning newspaper lay upon the desk and the teacher handed that to the children to show their prowess. They began slowly and painfully to pronounce the words. If a child hesitated the teacher helped by suggesting some of their numerous "rules" for diacritical marking.

"May I hear them spell?" I asked. "Yes," answered the teacher, "but this class is rather slow in their spelling." A dozen simple one-syllable words were dictated, which they wrote upon their slates. More than half the words were mispelled, being spelled according to sound. If Prof. Moses had been present he would have understood what Miss Thomas means by Imaging *vs.* Word-calling.

Was this a single case of sound-making reading? O, no. The first set of synthetic readers furnished this kind of reading for many months. The sentences were given first in a slow mechanical manner, after which the teacher would call attention to the thought and they would then read them again "for the expression." Common-sense teachers finally rebelled against this word-calling of senseless sentences that were constructed to teach sounds only, and a second set of readers appeared which were declared to be "much better." In fact, there has been an ascending series of "much better" readers to accompany this system ever since it first appeared.

Years have come and gone since my first experience with the dictionary-newspaper reading for babies but I have observed with interest the changes that have been rung on the "synthetic" in different parts of the country. I have watched the fever "break out" and have its "run" in various communities, but I have never known of a relapse in the same community after a final convalescence. I have seen skilful teachers "make it over," and eliminate much of its useless machinery and get real benefit from it as an aid to other methods. I have struggled with it myself faithfully and patiently in many primary rooms and know its working as thoroughly as I know the A. B. C. method. What do I think of it after a decade of observation and experience? This: That teachers who neglect the use of phonics in teaching little children to read make a mistake, and that those who enter into all the useless and confusing machinery of the "Synthetic System," make a greater one.

TRAINING TEACHER

School for Waifs

A new public school for waifs has been opened in Chicago. This does not mean a truant school, but for the flotsam and jetsam of city life. Bravo Chicago.

None are so old as those who have outlived enthusiasm.
— *Emerson*

Preparing for Spring

CHARLES B. SCOTT Normal School Cswego N. Y.

"Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out-of-sight, art nursing April's violets."

— *H. H.*

THIS is the month when we must lay or strengthen our foundations and make preparations for later work in nature study. In April and May and June nature brings so much before our eyes that we scarcely know what to select from the riches bestowed upon us. In March we get only glimpses of what is to come.

It behooves us as teachers to so prepare ourselves and our pupils, during this month connecting winter and spring, that, when the plants and animals finally arouse themselves, we may all see and feel and enjoy and appreciate, and to some extent, understand or comprehend.

If we leave the spring work until April we will be sure to find ourselves behind Mother Nature, and will get more and more behind as spring hurries away before the summer.

How can we lay the foundation for the work of the next three months? By studying with our boys and girls, that from which and through which spring comes, investigating the very beginnings in the annual awakening. March forms the background which brings into sharper relief the life and thought and beauty of the months that succeed her.

How shall we prepare for spring? By absorbing, cultivating, inspiring, instilling in ourselves and in our pupils just as much of the spirit of spring as we and they can take in. After all, spring will be to you and me what you and I make of it. We will not thoroughly enjoy and appreciate this season of awakenings and we certainly cannot lead our children to get the most out of this brightest volume in the year-book of nature, unless we have spring in our hearts.

Why not begin, on one of these wintry days in early March, with a talk on winter, a talk not *to* the children, but *with* the children? Do we like winter? Why? Write on the blackboard a list of all the reasons why we enjoy winter. Do some of the children hate (to express it as the children are apt to do) this season of cold and snow? Why? Are we tired of winter? Why? Make another list.

Show how helpful to man winter is, how necessary is the cold and the ice and the snow, or the rain, which this season brings, how the chilly winds carry snow and rain where they are most needed, how the ice wedges break up the soil for the farmer, and the rain and snow prepare the ground for the spring, how the cold invigorates us and the wind brings us pure air.

Have a reading lesson on the blackboard or have the children write about, "Why we like Winter," or "How the Winter Helps Us."

We can have one or more lessons leading the children to think and talk (with the thinking first) about the use of winter to the plants. Perhaps we can begin with the use of sleep to the children or the reason for having vacations. On these topics the smallest "tot" will have ideas, or apperceiving concepts as the psychologists like to call them, on which many new ideas can be based or built. Think of the winter as the season when plants and many or most animals, sleep and rest and gain strength and vigor for another year's work.

Talk about the preparation of plants for the winter, the falling of leaves, development and protection of buds (show branches with buds, as they have spent the winter), the disappearances of parts above ground, in grasses, bulbs, and similar plants, and the storing up of nourishment in parts below ground, the formation of seeds by plants which are killed each autumn by the cold. Show how the wind has scattered the leaves and brought the snow to serve as a cover and protection, and how Mother Nature has given a thick bark to the trees and other plants which grow above the snow.

Read to and with the children the poem below. Try to get, to absorb, and express, and impart, to the children the spirit of the poem.

"Talking in Their Sleep."

"You think I'm dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I'm dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid,
I'm all alive and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here —
But I pity the flowers without branch or root."

"You think I'm dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own,
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown,
Patiently I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.

— *Edith M Thomas St. Nicholas*

We are ready now for some real science, real observation, as distinguished from talking. What we have had is nature study, but our scientific friends will not let us call it science because — they will tell us — there is too much poetry and imagination about it. But it is from and through just such work that science has developed through the centuries, and Nature (by which we mean the Author of Nature) has endowed our little folks with an appreciation and love of poetry and a rich store of imagination. If our work conforms somewhat to the development of the race and to the nature of the child, we are not apt to go very far wrong. We are trying to train and develop and enrich and broaden and lift up the minds of our children, not merely to make scientists.

The children, each child for himself, should examine carefully, not merely glance at, the winter condition of plants,

Select for study the tree or shrub which is nearest the school, so that the pupils can continue their observations on it throughout the spring. If possible study one or more visible from the school-room window. Give each child or small group of children one or more definite topics for special investigation and report. Study with reference to adaptation to winter, and note with special care those features, such as the buds, which will change most rapidly as spring advances.

With such a tree as the elm have children notice its shape and how fitted for winter's storms, the strong trunk with its broad base, making it so much stronger, widely spreading roots (if at all exposed) and thick tough bark, the spreading main branches with the spray of numerous small branches, so delicate and flexible and yet so strong, arranged in two rows on either side of the main branches and bearing numerous buds.

Take two or three branches into the school-room and have children examine the buds (exactly as they are without disturbing them) carefully draw them and write about their position on the branch (at sides or end), arrangement (in two rows, successive buds alternating on opposite sides of branch) and scaly covering. Place these and other branches (pussy willow and horse-chestnut, box-elder, elder and lilac are particularly good) in water where they can be watched and can prepare for later lessons.

Have a reading lesson on the blackboard — getting the statements from the children as far as possible, but keeping a connected line of thought, not having merely unrelated sentences, on "How the Elm Tree is Fitted for Winter." Have the statements personal, what "we" saw, based on actual observation and carefully expressed.

These observations can be continued with other trees as far as time, inclination and opportunities allow or suggest. They must be scientific, that is, personal or individual, and exact or truthful, and clear and careful, and put into as interesting a form as possible.

Now that we have our background, we can turn from winter and look toward spring. Have the children gather and record spring notes. If they cannot write they can report from day to day orally, and their best discoveries can be recorded by the teacher and form a basis for reading lessons or can be preserved on the blackboard. If they write cannot they keep a diary, recording — always in the first person — what signs of spring each sees from day to day. Do not be too critical about spelling. The interest and idea is most important. Encourage them to sketch or draw, however crude the results may be. Urge careful observation. Discourage guessing. Inspire a little rivalry in making new discoveries. In case of dispute make them settle it by looking again. Do not decide for them and thus deaden interest. Insist that they be sure, as sure as little folks can be. They are apt to see scores of bluebirds and robins before their teacher can discover one. They are not telling stories. If the teacher has, as she should do, aroused a spirit of expectancy, their imagination may be quicker than their eyes. It is our work not to deaden their imagination, but to develop their senses and cultivate a habit of using and trusting their senses, that they may form a basis for and develop what we call the scientific imagination.

I have seen many individual spring notes even by pupils of second or third grade with such entries as these:

March 9. "I saw a bluebird this morning. I know it was a bluebird because its back was blue like the sky. It was in a tree by our house."

March 11. "The snow is melting. The streets are muddy. The sun is warmer. Some of our grass is getting green. The days are longer. The maple buds are getting thicker. I broke off a maple branch to-day and the sap came out. So I know spring is coming."

At the end of a week gather up all the observations, select those that they are absolutely sure about, and have a reading lesson or have each pupil write a summary of what *he* or *she* has *seen or heard*, telling "How I Know that Spring is Coming."

Now be ready with some more of the "spirit of spring." Sing about spring in the opening exercises. When several report the first bluebird read with them something like the "Bluebird," on page 98. Write it or part of it on the blackboard and have children copy it for their writing lesson. Let some or all commit it to memory. Continue the spring notes as long as the children are interested. They may be varied by having the class together make a little book, to be hung on the wall, recording the discoveries of a week or two, each pupil contributing a leaf with one or more of his own observations written in his (not the teacher's) best style and, when possible, illustrated.

When the buds kept in water or the bulbs planted in the window box begin to develop in the school-room there is endless opportunity for observation and study. In all bring in all the literature and beauty that you can. For additional literature see Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Part XXI, "The White Man's Foot," and Lucy Larcom's "March," and "Calling the Violets."

Crocus Cups

Little golden cups that never shall be brimmed
With springtide's gracious dew,
You yet the spring reveal; her sunny glance
I read in you.

Little spotless cups, unkissed by kindlier sun,
You still do hold,
Though gray the skies and bleak the bitter winds,
The springtide's gold.

—*Sel.*

The First Ten Minutes

The most natural way of opening the day seems to be with music. In the brief morning song there dwells some magic that puts away the lingering thoughts that belong to the romp and play which the school bell interrupted, that quiets tingling nerves and excited brains, that restores the reverent hush which belongs to the study hour.

But the freshness of those next few minutes is sacred. The wise teacher seizes upon them as the best opportunity of her whole day. If she would rouse the hidden springs of action by an earnest appeal; if she would introduce some exquisite bit of literature or of fine art for which she bespeaks the utmost keenness of appreciation and delight — let her not delay until the mind, withdrawn from its expectant attitude, busy with the other things that have come between, something wearied by continued application, no longer responds to her leading with the same eagerness. The fairy tale, the comical story may afford more recreation at the end of the session, when they prove a welcome relief from the heavier work; but for the reaching out of soul power which these "highest things" demand, there is no time like the first fresh ten minutes.— *Sel.*

Hundreds can talk to one who can think; thousands can think to one who can see.— *Ruskin*

When a god wishes to ride, every chip and stone will bud and shoot out winged feet to carry him.— *Emerson*

A young minister, unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday-school, asked, to gain time: "Children, what shall I speak about?" A little girl on the front seat, who had herself committed to memory several declamations, held up her hand, and, in a shrill voice, inquired: "What do you know?"— *Sel.*

The Bluebird

I know the song that the bluebird is singing
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery,
Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there every so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.
"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer;
Summer is coming and springtime is here.
Little white snowdrop! I pray you arise,
Bright yellow crocus! come open your eyes;
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming and spring-time is here. — *Sel.*

For Language Work

A Visit to Grandma

Papa said he would take Paul and Helen out to see Grandma one afternoon. She lived two miles from the city. How did they go? What time did they start? How did Grandma look? What did she say? They had tea under the old apple-tree in the garden. What did they have to eat?

A Fairy's Visit

You were asleep out in the meadow. What flowers were growing there? Little fairy Hop-o-my-Thumb came and offered you three wishes. What did you wish?

What Lillian Bought

Mamma gave Lillian ten cents for taking care of the baby Saturday afternoon. She told the little girl she might spend it exactly as she pleased. Where did she go to spend it? What did she see that she liked? What did she buy? Was it for herself?

A Fishing Trip

Earl and Frank went fishing. What kind of a day was it? What did they take for bait? Where did they get it? Did they go out in a boat or fish from the shore? In a brook or pond? How many did they catch? What kind? What did they do with them?

Ned's Birthday

Ned's birthday comes in three weeks. What month and date will that be? He will be ten years old. His uncle has promised him a present. He may have a pony, a watch or a bicycle. Which one would you choose? Why?

Play you were Ned, tell what you chose, how it looks, and how you like it. After having it a week would you change it for either of the other things?

My Favorite Flower

What flower do you like best? Why? Tell all you can about it. Make a picture of it.

An Afternoon Tea

Grace has a play house in the orchard. Who made it for her? What is inside of the house? Nellie comes to spend the afternoon. Auntie lets them have tea in the play house. What do they have to eat? After tea what work do they do? When they go away someone else has a feast from the crumbs left. Who is it?

Shoeing a Horse

Carl went to see a blacksmith yesterday. The blacksmith was shoeing a horse. What did he do to the shoe before putting it on the horse? Did anyone help him? How did he hold the horse's foot? What color was the horse? How many shoes did he put on? Why do horses need shoes?

Play you owned a pony and that you took him to be shod. Tell how the blacksmith looked and what you saw in the shop. How much did you pay the man for shoeing the pony.

A March Bud.

·BY·OLIVE·M·LONG·

Perhaps you may think because
I am buttoned
And folded and wrapped in
my little cloak so,
That I always dress this way
in all sorts of weather,
With never a frill or a ruffle
to show;

But it's only because I have come
out so early
That only Jack Frost and the winds
are astir;
They're hard on thin dresses,—
but under my wrappings
Is my pretty new party dress
hidden with fur.

You'll see if you come to Miss April's
spring party;—
It's airy and dainty,—a
beau-u-tiful dress!
Jack Frost's not invited;—he's a
jolly good playmate,
But he's rather too rough for
a party, I guess.

One Woman's Way

AGNES STOWELL State Normal School Oregon

THE children had been gone for two hours, but Miss Greeley, the fourth year teacher, had remained preparing material for the morrow's work. She had dropped her blackboard curtains over just enough required work to stimulate and not discourage the so-called "dull pupils" and over extra work sufficient to hold her brightest to the top of effort. She had also added a few effective bits to the decoration of her room. Now she stood looking from her western windows at the wonders of an Oregon sunset.

There was something else in the scene not quite so tranquilizing in its effect on the young teacher, as the glories of sky and mountain: — five naughty little boys paddling in the creek barefooted, school books piled upon the bank in silent witness of the fact that they hadn't gone straight home.

Miss Greeley was young, at least her certificate of baptism bore record of the fact. Just what she was to do, in this first case of violation of the well known rule, she didn't know. She went across the hall to Miss Gage who was savagely marking, with a big blue pencil, a set of compositions.

"They ought to be brought right in and thrashed," remarked that lady sententiously, as her flying pencil cut out adjectives and underscored misspelled words.

Miss Greeley didn't feel sure of either herself or of the excellence of the advice, so she went home by a way, that *didn't* go by the creek. She was meditating.

The next morning, in addition to her usual preparations for school, Miss Greeley carried with her a well filled card case, her best gloves and some other little accessories to her toilet. She had meditated.

No hint as to the results of her meditation was given until the hour of dismissal came, then the offenders, who had lingered on their way home, were politely invited to remain. They staid, and with as much curiosity as fear, they looked at each other and at their teacher, for this was the first serious case of disobedience which had occurred in Miss Greeley's room.

After thoughtfully setting the example, Miss Greeley suggested to the boys that they might find it pleasant to wash, comb, and otherwise freshen their toilets. The suggestion was well taken and soon with shining faces, and well-scrubbed hands, the boys came from the dressing room to find their teacher writing their names on visiting cards. Then she gave them a little talk on how to make calls, what they were to do with their hats, where the card was to be left, and all the other little things which seem so easy when one is sure of his ground, but quicksands to the uncertain.

When they left the school house, each boy felt in his best, "go-to-meeting" frame of mind; for didn't each pocket contain some of those fascinating bits of paste-board?

The calls were made in due form, introductions were given when necessary. In each home cards were deposited, and so likewise was the boy. The calls were found so enjoyable by hostesses, teacher and pupils, that Boy One and Boy Two, who lived quite near the school house really envied the fortunate Number Five, whose home was half a mile away, for Miss Greeley tactfully introduced only such topics as would be of common interest: flowers, — Miss Greeley's boys were all famous gardeners; the base ball match,— the nine was the pride of the neighborhood. All felt interested in the conversation for each was able to contribute his share to its delights. One boy who was regarded, not without reason, by mother and sisters as somewhat difficult, quite astonished his family by the urbanity he displayed during his teacher's call.

"Did it pay for your trouble, and have you really settled the case, daughter?" asked Miss Greeley's mother, when the adventures of the day had been duly recited, and the tired little teacher rested in the big easy chair. Miss Greeley was silent a moment before replying.

. . . . . .

Little Tommy Merrywig, one of the five, remarked confidentially to his chum that afternoon, "Though calling isn't half bad, a bee line for home suits me all right."

The principal who had heard the story told at the store by an enthusiastic patron, said doubtfully as he retold it to his mother:

"Though that mode of procedure seems to meet quite well the demands of the situation, still it may be just *her way*."

"Son," said the mother, as she decisively bit off a thread, "Your faculty does not have a world monopoly of the Miss Greeley's. You had better pass the story along."

And he did so.

Little Folks' Perplexities

MINNIE DENTON

It is really wonderful, the faculty most children have for mixing the words *though*, *through*, and *thought*; *ever*, *very*, and *every*, and the like. To remedy this, I used to keep on the front board, as closely together as possible, sentences illustrating the use of the three words, or sometimes, as an additional triumph of art, I contrived one sentence containing all of them. After some years of sad experience, I discovered that this practice only increased the difficulty by making the association between the words stronger and the confusion greater.

Since then I have been using every possible means to keep them separated from each other. One at a time, at intervals of some length, we now study the distinguishing points of each. When *thought* comes up somebody puts in a facetious reminder to "do that thinking with two t's." If it is *through*, Dan says the hole won't be big enough to get *through* unless there is an *r*. When we come across *though* we try to remember about the long *ō* and the three lazy letters at the end. But we never, never, *never* discuss the peculiarities of one of these words in the presence of either of the other two.

(*Amen!* — EDITOR.)

A similar method pursued in the study of homonyms has yielded good results.

Number Games for the Youngest Group

Sometimes on stormy days, when only a few of the wee ones have ventured out, we play a game which I can remember as delighting me in my childhood. Each child is given some definite number of lentils or other small objects (say six or ten); the one who opens the game selects a part of his store and holds it up in his closed fist, demanding of the next in order, "Odd or Even?" When the guess is made the hand opens; the correct guesser adds the chosen number to his pile; if not so fortunate he must "give one to make it even" (or odd, as the case may be.) So on down the line; and by the time they have played this game once, even the slowest have learned to tell what numbers are odd and what are even. Incidentally, they get some review on number combinations, for the test given them is, "Divide the number into two's; if there is one left over it is an odd number; if not, even."

Very similar to this is another game, in which the question is, "Hull-gull, handful, parcel, how many?" and the attempt is to guess the correct number; if wrong, the difference between the guess and the number is paid.

Wanted

"Wanted — an end and aim, a clear distinct goal for education! For this there is a magnificent reward! In every other profession there is a definite aim. The doctor has sickness to cure. The minister has souls to save. What is the end and aim of Education? The aim upon which the practice of to-day is based is knowledge. Witness the examination, the course of study, the public opinion that demands that the child shall go through the book."

— *Col. Parker*

Not failure but low aim is crime. — *Emerson*

Mother Nature's Workshop

GRACE GOODRIDGE

TEDDY had never been in so strange a place before. He didn't just know how he happened to be here now, but he didn't care much, it was all so nice and pleasant. Just then he spied a little old woman—such a funny little old woman—bending over a table and working away at tiny scraps of gray fur.

"How do you do?" said Teddy.

"Oh, how do you do?" answered the old woman, looking up.

"Are you surprised to see me?"

"Not a bit of it," said the old woman, laughing. "Not nearly so surprised as you are to be here. I saw you coming."

"Did you? Could you tell me how I came?"

"Tumbled," said the little woman.

"Oh!" Teddy felt himself all over, but he wasn't hurt. Then he looked at the little woman, who seemed to be working very hard indeed.

"Why don't you ask me who I am?" she said, "Well, never mind, I'll tell you. I'm Mother Nature, and this is where I live and take care of my children. You would call it 'under the ground,' but I call it my work-room. Wait a bit, till I finish these, and I'll show you around."

Teddy came very near and sat down.

"Would you please tell me what you are making?" he asked.

"Jackets," promptly responded Mother Nature. "Jackets for my pussies. They are such restless little creatures I can't keep them home a minute after they hear the first spring notes."

"Oh," said Teddy, delighted, "I know all about them. They're the Pussy Willows, and these are their little fur coats. Oh, do let me take one in my hand."

"Be careful of it," said Mother Nature, as she handed him one. "They are very tender, for all they are so warm."

"And now I remember," said Teddy. "I was off hunting for pussies when I tumbled here. Are any of them out yet?"

"Dear me, yes, I'm afraid so, and it is so early. But my good friend, the sun, looks kindly upon them, and even North Wind has a soft spot in his breezy old heart for them."

"And we like them, too, said Teddy. "They come so early, and sometimes it freezes after they're out, but they don't seem to mind."

"Oh, dear, no," said Mother Nature. "Their coats are so warm they don't feel it. But come, now, we'll look about a little."

So Mother Nature led the way and Teddy trotted after her. They hadn't gone far when they spied a shelf full of tiny pink bonnets.

"What are those?" asked Teddy.

"Those? Oh, those are my spring beauties. They don't mind the snow nor feel the wind, their little red stems have such warm blood in them. So I let them go up almost as early as my pussies. And then here are my ferns. Just look at them!" Mother Nature was delighted with the ferns, which were all ready to push up through the earth and unfold their broad green leaves. But Teddy thought they looked like "teeny" cinnamon buns.

"And you know we can find ferns any time," he said.

"I know you can," said Mother Nature. "I never call them home after they once go up, but these are the little new leaves for spring, and I send them to waken their sisters who sleep all winter under the leaves."

"What's in *this* room?" asked Teddy, trying to look through a little green door.

Mother Nature opened it just enough for Teddy to peep in.

"Smell of them," she said.

"Oh–oo!" cried Teddy, "violets. How sweet they are!"

"Not half so sweet as they will be before they're ready for the world to see," said Mother Nature; "but they're dear, beautiful children always, and I love them."

"Now here is something nearly ready," said Mother Nature, opening the very next door. "These are my next care, and they're always in a hurry. I do believe they would go this minute if I would let them. Next to the snow-drops — which I can't keep home at all — they are the most daring of all my children. But these must wait a week or so longer."

"It is cold then," said Teddy.

"I know it is," answered Mother Nature, "but I don't worry very much, for their last year's leaves are always there to keep them warm."

"Oh, do you mean hepaticas?" asked Teddy.

"You know them, do you?" Mother Nature smiled kindly on the boy. "I always love those who love my children," she said.

Teddy was just about to speak when he heard a swift step as soft as the patter of rain. He looked up and there, running toward them, was a little fairy-like creature with flying hair and sparkling eyes.

"Spring!" cried Mother Nature, delighted, and holding out both hands in welcome. Teddy was sure he had never seen any one half so sweet before. Her curls were golden like the sun, and her blue eyes seemed like bits of sky. Her gown was soft and white as a cloud, and she wore a fluttering green sash.

"Dearest Mother!" she cried, as she came running along, "I am all ready to go up now. Where are the pussies, and may I take the arbutus?"

"My dear little girl!" Mother Nature kissed her lovingly. "Take the pussies and run along, but let me keep the arbutus a while longer. You will find quite enough to do with the trees to dress and the birds to welcome." She kissed her again, and the little girl ran on quite happily.

"Spring is so eager," said Mother Nature.

"She looks very gentle," said Teddy.

"She means to be so," said Mother Nature watching her. Then she turned again to Teddy.

"Perhaps you'd better run along with her," she said. "It's really a little late for a boy to be down here." So Teddy said "Good-bye," and ran along with the little girl.

"I'm going up close by your home," said Spring.

"Are you?" cried Teddy, clapping his hands. "Then I shall see the inside-outs of my garden, sha'n't I?"

"We're right under it this minute," said Spring, with a little laugh.

Teddy looked up — but there was the blue sky above him and the nodding branches of a pussy willow.

"I must have been asleep," he said drowsily, "but never mind, for Spring *has* come, and — oh, goody! here are some pussies!"

'Tis not the wild chorus of praise,
Nor chance nor yet fate,
'Tis the greatness born in him and with him,
That makes the man great.— *Sel.*

"Light-houses don't ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining. They just shine."

Distribution of School Time

(The following is taken from the *University Record* (Chicago). It is the plan of the distribution of time in the University of Chicago School for the present term. This school is under the supervision of the Department of Pedagogy in the University. It is made up of about thirty primary pupils, including the children of the professors and president of the University. — ED.)

The University of Chicago School

(December 17, 1896)

The attempt has been made from the experience of the present quarter to formulate a scheme for the proper distribution of time which can be made the basis of the details of the program for the next quarter. It is thought that the problem of the distribution of time may be of some pedagogical interest and, it is hoped, may evoke suggestions and criticisms from others; so in this week's report some account of the general scheme is given. It will be understood that, like all such schemes, it is partly an attempt to realize what would be considered an ideal distribution and partly a compromise on the basis of adjustment to certain given conditions. The allotment of time, so far as it is fixed for all groups, is as follows:

Gymnasium, 80 minutes, subdivided into two periods of 40 minutes each. Shop, 90 minutes, three periods of 30 minutes each, except Groups IV and V as stated below. Music, 60 minutes, subdivided into three periods of 20 minutes each. Sewing, 90 minutes, subdivided for the older children into two periods of 45 minutes and for the younger into three periods of 30 minutes each. It has been found that with coarse material and large stitches longer periods of time in sewing are of most interest, because they permit a nearer approach to completion.

All groups also give 90 minutes per week to visiting. The Field Columbian Museum is, at present, the place visited. The visit occurs on Monday forenoon, and the intention is to devote the time to a study of the particular subject which happens to be uppermost during the week. In the present week, for example, the children, because of the sewing work done in connection with the Christmas presents, have had a special interest in textile fabrics, and at the Museum they made a study of East Indian, Japanese, and Indian fabrics found there, comparing their designs and coloring with the Greek and Egyptian patterns shown in school. They also followed their flax from the ripened plant to the course tissue threads and cloth. They examined the simple looms shown and displayed great interest in silkworms and cocoons.

In addition, Group I gives an hour a week to cooking, this consisting in the preparation and serving of a lunch as described in the last number. They also give 150 minutes a week to expressive work, 30 minutes per day, including, under this head, clay modeling, sand moulding, paper cutting, drawing, and painting. 180 minutes a week are given conversation, story telling, reading and writing of records, etc., in connection with the other work just outlined.

The work of Group III, in addition to that first stated, has not as yet been subdivided beyond the giving of 210 minutes per week to cooking, science, and related modes of expression, and to history, literature and its related modes of expression respectively. Groups IV and V have one hour a day (of afternoon work) more than the other groups. They are given 160 minutes per week of work in the carpenter shop as against 90 minutes of the other groups. They have 250 minutes respectively for science and its related modes of expression, and for history and its expression. About 75 minutes a week is also set apart for reading of matter which is assigned to them in connection with their other work. They are not responsible for reading this aloud but simply for contributing the information, to different children who are sent from different sources. It is expected to increase this amount of time considerably, with a view of forming the habit of consulting books in order to find information needed to the successful pursuit or discussion of their other work.

Groups IV and V also have about 60 minutes a week specially devoted to work in geography. All the groups have, at present, about 60 minutes of free or unassigned time, which is used as convenience may determine. The detailed distribution of the time assigned as a whole to history and science and their respective modes of expression, as between reading, writing, number work, etc., is still under discussion and experiment, but it is hoped to have that matter definitely settled early in the next quarter.

The most important principle used in determining the time part of the program has been the relative amounts of time to be given to hard work and the more formal and intellectual work, and the proper balancing of the time assigned to hard work between the constructive side, as the shop, cooking, sewing, and the more artistic modes of expression as modeling, painting, etc.

After-School Talks V

M. HELEN BECKWITH

"Why will a child desert his play
The craftsman's work to see?
Something within him latent still,
Stirs at each stroke of strength or skill,
Whisp'ring, 'Work waits for me.'"

ASK the children some morning what they intend to do when they are grown up, and see if the "craftsman's work" does not predominate rather than any of the professions.

I have followed trade life sometimes, — the work of the farmer, miller, blacksmith, shoemaker, etc. — with transportation, the many people needed to provide us with the simple necessaries of life, and the value of the wheel.

Begin by letting the children tell you of the different methods of reaching some town near by that they are all familiar with; "afoot" and "awheel," with steam, electricity carriages, sleds and sleighs; the hardest method, the quickest, the most desirable; let these be illustrated for occupation, and later all the different modes may be represented.

Merchandise must be carried as well as people, and a favorite pastime with the little ones is to draw some well known team, like the milk cart or laundry wagon, for the teacher to guess. You will get everything in line of vehicles from a wheel-barrow to a hearse with its funeral plumes.

Now choose a city a hundred miles or so away and concentrate attention upon the steam-engine. Some boy may have a toy train that he will like to lend if you wish to be quite realistic.

Let the children tell you of any journeys that they have taken. Distance in miles means very little to little people. I remember of John's saying, "My grandmother has been all round the *world*. She has been to Ireland and Boston and South Hadley Falls!" So ask, "How long did it take you to go? What time did you start? Did you travel by night or day?" and get descriptions of the different cars.

Cattle and freight cars also will come in for a full share of attention, and they will be only too eager to "make pictures" for you.

But pencil and paper are not the only materials for illustrating; stick, ring, and tablet laying, singly and combined, gift-building, pasting, cutting, sewing, and clay make variety enough to suit the most fastidious.

Ask the children to cut out at home from advertisements and catalogues all the different vehicles that they can find, and as they bring them to you mount them neatly on a large sheet of bristol board. You will get a very interesting collection in this way.

Tell them of the wonders that you saw in the Transportation Building at the Columbia Exposition, and any pictures that you may have of the old engine and cumbersome foreign carts will prove a mine of wealth.

But what is it that forms the important thing?

The Wheel

If you have Froebel's Mother Play, show the children the picture of the wheelwright, where from "the child's barrow we rise to the wheel of the chariot of the gods." Tell the story of Phaeton and the sun chariot if you like myths,

and remember "Hans and the Four Big Giants," by Miss Harrison, in this connection.

In "Merry Songs and Games," by Mrs. Hubbard is this song, which may be played as a game.

"Let us to the wheelwright go;
Watch and see what he will do.
See now, see now, what pains takes he,
Let the auger go straight through,
Let the hole be smooth and true;
Now 'tis ready to his mind,
To the axle may be joined.
Round now, round now, ever round it goes,
Round now, round now, ever round it goes."

Go back in imagination to the days when the world was new, and get the children's ideas of the first wheels. Lead them to see what a power it is in mechanics. Ask for other things besides vehicles that move with wheels. The busy brains will think of so many things that the list will be a long one.

Now call for things that move *without* wheels. *Once* I heard the answer come quick and fast, "Boys, girls, dogs, birds, bees," etc., until some one said, "We must leave out *live* things," and a little boy who had seemed lost in a brown study added, very slowly, "But I know something that goes *all* the time, 'thout any *wheels*, and 'tisn't alive — it's the world!"

The list is not long, rowboats, sleds, sleighs, and a few other things are mentioned, and then what you felt sure would happen occurs.

The Wind

is mentioned as a new force if you've had no previous talk about it, and if you have it is a friend, old, yet new in this connection. Confine its work to things on land at first, and begin with simple things.

The drying of mamma's clothes on the line, the flying of the boys' kites, the weather vanes on the church spires, and the wind mills that grind corn and draw water.

Kites and wind-mills can be made and taken home, and various other things represented.

Teach this verse:

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so.
So blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

Have you ever asked the children what the wind is? Their answers are always interesting.

They will like to learn the little wind poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, to sing or to recite.

"Oh, wind ablowing all night long,
Oh, wind that sings so loud a song."

If Longfellow's "Wind-mill" has been learned now is a good time to review it.

Tell of the wind-mills of Holland and the little Dutch children, and introduce Miss Cary's hero, little Peter, in the "Leak in the Dike."

All the kindergarten song books will furnish music and games.

If time permits, take up transportation by water, which will include steamers and sailing vessels and bring in both wheels and wind.

Stories of light-houses and ships, "Hiawatha's Sailing," and "Ulysses and the Bag of Winds" will be appropriate to tell.

Some day let the children fold ships and send them to any countries they may choose. Don't "help" any; just let it be a "play," and you will get some idea of their knowledge of geography.

Journeys by rail are interesting also, paper trains to furnish the mode of conveyance.

I have asked little children of three and four years old and those of seven and eight, "What did you see as you came to kindergarten or to school that you liked?" and have been much impressed with the fact that, with the tiny ones especially, it was something that moved that usually attracted the attention. An electric car, a horse and carriage, a dog running along the street, — something in motion. So I have found it wise to utilize some of these impressions in "talks" with the little people who always like to "see the wheels go round."

Drill Exercises

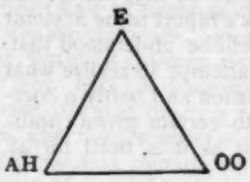
To Give Pupils Command of Their Vocal Organs

The following is taken by permission from Monroe's Vocal and Physical Exercises, published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia, a book found in the Teachers' Library, and which has been used with profit by many teachers:

A. For the Lips and Jaws.

First. Pronounce the vowel *e*, extending the lips as much as possible sidewise, and showing the tips of the teeth.

Second. Pronounce *ah*, dropping the jaw and opening the mouth to its widest extent.

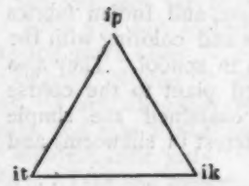


Third. Pronounce *oo* (as in cool), contracting the lips. Then, the teacher having drawn upon the blackboard a triangle with the three sounds indicated at the angles, let him pass the "pointer" around in a circle, touching at the angles, and require the pupils to utter the vowels, as he indicates them, in rapid succession, *continuously*, that is, without pausing between them. Having gone round three or four times in one direction, make a signal for the pupils to stop. Then, taking a fresh breath, go round the opposite way. So take each of the other angles as a starting-point, and go round both ways. We shall thus have repetitions of each of the following: *E-ah-oo; e-oo-ah; ah-e-oo; ah-oo-ah-e; oo-e-ah.*

B. For the Jaw.

Whisper alternately the sounds *ē, ah;* allowing the jaw, in the latter sound, to drop as it were with its own weight. The action of the jaw must not be rigid, but loose and free.

C. For the Lips, Tongue and Palate.



First. Pronounce the syllable *ip*, bringing the lips in contact and separating them with a smart, percussive recoil. Second. Pronounce the syllable *it*. The tip of the tongue touches against the upper teeth, and promptly recoils.

Third. Pronounce the syllable *ik*. The back of the tongue shuts against the soft palate, and promptly recoils.

Pass from point to point in both directions, as in Exercise A.

Then practise the same, omitting the vowel sound, and producing only the slight puff of recoil indicated by the consonant.

The consonants *b, d, g*, may afterwards be practised in a similar manner. — *Suggestions for Teaching Reading in New Haven Schools.*

March

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;

The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon!

— *Wordsworth*

Wary Woodchucks

NELLIE LATHROP HELM City Normal School Chicago

"WELL, I never! Men are queer if they think we forget so easily. Guess I'll go the other way to-day." And Master Woodchuck turned himself about and crept back through the long, narrow passage that led to his snug home.

"Back so soon?" asked his mate, raising her head from the warm nest of dry grass where she lay. "Haven't gone yet," he answered. "Trap out there. I'm going to try the other way." And a sound like a low chuckle almost slipped from between his teeth, but he caught it just in time.

"Be careful. Maybe there's a trap at the other door, too."

"Maybe so," he replied, "but I don't believe it. Most people think we have but one door, but they're mistaken there. I'll go the other way now."

Through another long passageway he crept. At the entrance he paused, as he always did, to look cautiously about. No trap nor any sign of danger could be seen. Out he went and perched himself upon the mound of earth that lay before his door. He had made this mound himself when he dug his burrow so deep and long with his sharp little claws. Now he used it as a sort of watch-tower from which he could see all the country around. The sun was just slipping behind the distant hills and his last glance fell upon this little creature, about two feet long, who sat erect upon his haunches looking about in all directions.

His fur was coarse and shaggy, of a grayish brown color on the back and a dull brick-red underneath. His body was thick and stout, his head broad and flat, with a funny little round ear on either side that looked like a button. But when it came to hearing, these ears were worth a dozen larger and more showy ones, for the least whisper of a sound did not escape them. The eyes were bright, and sharp enough to know traps when they saw them, which is more than can be said of most eyes.

The legs were short, and now as the hind ones, with the short, stubby tail, were being used to sit on, the fore ones hung down in a very limp fashion. But when their owner was ready to use them they were far from limp.

When he had seen all there was to see, he was ready. The field that spread out at the foot of the hill in the side of which his burrow-home lay, was where he was going.

There was clover there — red clover. Oh! how good it was. You would have to be a woodchuck to know how good red clover is.

The field was rather brown now, but by looking about he managed to find enough red heads to make a good supper. But as he nibbled away, suddenly he heard a noise. He was always listening for noises.

"There! there he is now!" and two boys with a dog ran towards him. "I'd like to know how he got out of that hole without walking into that trap. Go for him, Bonny!"

Off the dog started, but the woodchuck had not waited for the word, and was running away as fast as he could go. Then, indeed, the little short legs proved what they were good for. On came the dog, with the boys following hard after. It was a lively chase. The boys shouted, the dog barked, and the woodchuck uttered his strange, shrill whistle of fright.

Of course he was frightened. Who wouldn't be?

At last, panting and exhausted, he darted into the home-burrow, and so was safe. He could hear the dog barking and pawing the earth outside, but he was not afraid now. He had planned for this very sort of thing when he dug his burrow so deep and long.

Soon all was still. The boys and their dog were gone.

The next day the two woodchucks started out together, choosing the entrance that had been so useful the day before. But there, right before them, lay the frightful trap. What should they do? Must they stay at home altogether? "Let us try the other way," said Master Woodchuck.

So back through the burrow they crept until they could see the daylight shining into the other entrance. Very cautiously they looked about. The trap was gone. The mound of earth before the door was quite bare.

Then how they did chuckle!

Perhaps you don't believe that a woodchuck can chuckle, but the next time you see one, make him very happy, and then you'll see.

"I'll tell you how it is," said the wise master of the house, "they saw me go into the other door last night, so they thought that was my burrow instead of this one. Oh, but it's a joke!"

And he came nearer laughing than he ever did in his life. Then they started off across the clover field quite comfortably, but still all the time listening and watching for danger.

The air was cold and frosty. "It's growing cold fast," said Master Woodchuck. "I begin to feel sleepy already, don't you?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I can go to sleep almost any time."

And so it was that when they went back into their burrow they closed the door up tight with sticks and grass. Then they crept into the snug inner room, curled themselves into

balls with their noses buried in their thick shaggy fur and went to sleep. They were not hungry. They were not cold. No blanket could have been so warm as the fine thick coats that covered their fat round little bodies. As for being hungry, they were too sound asleep to even dream of red clover, and that is saying a good deal.

After they had slept this way for about three months, suddenly one day they opened their eyes.

"I wonder how it is outside," said one.

"I wonder," said the other.

"We had better see," said the one.

"Maybe we have slept too long."

"Maybe we have," said the other. "You go to one door and I'll go to the other, and we can soon tell."

So up they rose and out they crept. What a cheerless picture greeted them! Not a green thing was to be seen. The trees stretched their bare arms up to a cold gray sky, as though pleading for their beautiful summer dress. A white blanket of snow covered the ground, and as the woodchucks slipped out into the world, so changed since they left it, a faint shadow of themselves fell across their path.

With a shiver they turned back into the burrow, carefully closing the entrance as before.

"We must go to sleep again," said the master of the house. "There will be bad weather for some time yet."

"It's sure to be so," was the reply.

"The shadow always tells the truth."

Then these little weather prophets rolled themselves into round balls again, tucked their noses into their rough fur, and were asleep in less time than it takes to tell it. There they stayed for six weeks more, so sound asleep that they never knew whether they were right about the weather or not.

Perhaps you think this part of the story is not true, but if you are ever in the country at Uncle John's farm on the second day of February, you see if he does not tell you that it is "woodchuck day." He may say "ground-hog day," but it's the same thing. Farmers and woodchucks know a great many things that some other weather prophets do not.

Well, when the six weeks were over, the woodchucks awoke again. Out into the big world that lay outside the burrow they crept once more. What a different place it was from the one at which they had taken so short a peep before. It was green now with a warm sunshine spread over it, making it glad.

"Oh, how nice!"

And they stretched themselves flat on the ground in the sunshine. But they looked very rough and untidy after the long winter sleep. So the first thing to be done was to make their toilet, for they always liked to be clean and neat. But how do you think this was done? Just as you have seen your pussy give herself a bath, by licking themselves all over. Then they combed out their fur with their sharp claws, and you wouldn't believe how nice they looked when it was done.

Then they had their breakfast, and a fine feast it was of tender green plants and juicy roots. They were very hungry and had become very thin, but before many days were passed they began to get round and fat again. They were very busy, too, for it was house-cleaning time, and every one knows what that means.

But soon the old, dry beds were replaced with clean ones of fresh, sweet grass, and the house was in perfect order.

One day when Master Woodchuck came out of his burrow he seemed very much excited. He could hardly eat his breakfast. He nibbled here and there, then taking a few green leaves in his teeth, he hurried back home again. And there what do you think he found? Close beside their mother there lay six of the tiniest, cunningest, funniest little woodchucks that were ever born. They were just little balls of soft, woolly fur, but they did not know it for their eyes were closed. Is it any wonder that the father was excited?

The babies grew so fast that in three short weeks they made their first trip out through the long burrow into the beautiful world outside. They liked it so much that they came out every day after that, and you cannot imagine how jolly they were as they rolled about on the green grass with the father and mother looking on, and at the same time listening — listening for any sound of coming danger. And one day it came.

Right out of the woods that grew on the top of their hill a dog bounded with a bark that was far more terrible than anything the six little woodchucks had ever known. The father and mother knew what it meant.

"To the burrow! To the burrow!" cried the mother in her shrillest tone, while the father whistled loudly enough to have scared any respectable dog.

But it didn't scare this one. He came straight toward them.

Then was the mother woodchuck like the old woman who lived in a shoe, for "she had so many children she didn't know what to do." Just think of getting six baby woodchucks into the small door of her house and get herself in, too, before that dog should reach them. They were safe. But the father standing boldly to protect them was too late, and the dog pounced upon him. He was not to be taken easily, however. He was a fighter, as were his ancestors before him, and — well, before many minutes the dog thought he had better go home. He didn't like woodchucks, anyhow. But just between you and me, the part of the woodchuck he did not like was his teeth. Look at them, and see if you can tell why.

As the summer came the little woodchucks grew very fast. The red clover had a good deal to do with it, but the fine vegetable gardens that lay beyond the clover field had a share in it, too.

The roomy burrow was rather crowded when all the family were there together, but they slept most of the time

when at home, so of course they did not mind the snugness of the fit.

But before the winter came again they were as big as the father and mother. So they wandered away from the home-burrow, dug burrows of their own, and set up house-keeping for themselves.

Facts in this Story

Description of woodchuck.
Description of burrow.
More than one entrance to burrow.
How burrow is made.
Mound at entrance to burrow — how used.
Caution of woodchuck. Shrill whistle.
Keenest senses: hearing, sight.
Food: roots, herbs, vegetables. Very fond of red clover.
Enemies: man, dogs.
Defence: teeth, fleetness of foot.
Bold fighters.
Hibernation. Perfectly dormant.
Hibernates earlier than any other animal.
Entrance to burrow carefully closed at beginning of hibernation.
Young born last of April.
Condition at birth.
Care of parents.
Manner of making toilet.
Very cleanly in habits.
"Woodchuck day," popular legend, if not scientific fact.

Authorities used in reference:

Life of Animals. *Brehm.*
Natural History. *Johnson.*
American Cyclopedia.
Natural History. *Wood.*
Standard Natural History.

Paraphrasing

ROSE N. YAWGER

Dear Editor:— I am glad to see your paragraph inquiring about the wisdom of paraphrasing, which is at present so popular as a language exercise.

I have used it considerably in school work, and although it has some good points, yet on the whole it does not stand the test and for anything like general use, I do not hesitate to condemn it, but would like to hear from others on this subject.

Its good points are obvious. They have made it popular. To successfully paraphrase, the pupil must study the poem carefully. It compels close concentration in order to reproduce in other language, hence the pupil must study the present expression. This is good, but we all know "It is not the *what*, but the *how*. *How* does it compel him to study? Simply in the line of synonyms. I doubt if anything else can be claimed in favor of this mode of studying. It is destruction. "Life and not structure" is the rising promise of the future in regard to all plant and animal and other natural science work. Would it were also the cry in literature, the *thing* and not so much the form of expression.

Trying to paraphrase a poem reminds me of a story of a student who wrote on an examination paper in answer to the question, Why will not a pin stand on its point. 1. A pin will not stand on its head, how much less then will it stand on its point? 2. A point is defined as that which has location only and how can anything stand on that which has neither length, breadth nor thickness? 3. It will if you stick it in hard enough. Similarly, a child in presenting his paraphrase might truthfully say, "1. Here it is; I have done it. 2. It isn't here, it can't be done." If the child does not realize that he has not produced something equal to the original,— Tennyson or Matthew Arnold or whoever it is — (and if the work is approved, he is apt to get the impression that he has done so) "his last state is worse than the first."

Interesting in this connection is a comparison of the two verses given below. I do not present the second as even a pretended paraphrase of the first. It is a retranslation of the stanza from the Chinese into which it had been translated. I rather think the retranslation is rather better than some paraphrases I have seen.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

"Do not manifest discontent in a piece of verse,
A hundred years (of life) are, in truth, as one sleep,
(so soon are they gone.)
The short dream (early death) and the long dream (death after long life) alike are dreams. (so far as the body is concerned after death,)
There still ramains the spirit (which is able) to fill the universe.

Finally, I can only compare this method of studying a poem to the method of studying a bird which would tear off the wings, pull out the tail, cut off the limbs, pick off the feathers, dissect the body and its organs and then try to reconstruct the bird. The whole bird is there as before, but where is that airy gracefulness, that dainty poise, that swift motion, those flute-like, ecstatic notes. Where is that bit of feathered nonsense, which, outlining itself against the blue sky, whirling in a flurry of brown leaves which it had stirred to excitement by its presence, or swinging on a daisy's stalk, has added warmth and tenderness to the atmosphere?

Ah, where?

Paraphrasing is desecration.

New Work for Children

That is a splendid work which has been started in Boston, the formation of a number of the school children into a Juvenile Street-Cleaning Brigade. Every member is pledged to pick up stray pieces of paper which he may see on the street and deposit them in receptacles provided by the city at convenient points. In New York a similar system of voluntary street-cleaning had been organized among the children. In Philadelphia a Civic League, composed of children, has been formed. No member is allowed to throw bits of paper, fruit, or any refuse whatever in the streets, nor injure, deface, or mark fences, stoops, or property of any sort. In Hartford the movement has been started, and in smaller places the idea has taken root and organizations are being formed. It is a plan which cannot spread too rapidly nor too widely. The children cannot have a better lesson enforced upon them than that of cleaning and helping to keep clean the streets. If they are taught to have no regard for the appearance of the streets the lesson will easily extend to the rooms in which they live. The smallest of our communities should take up this idea, the formation of clubs and brigades among the children to keep the streets and highways clean. It is one of the easiest things to do and one of the most profitable. But the elders must lead the way.— *Ladies Home Journal.*

Why should we look one common faith to find,
When one in every score is color-blind?
— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Primary Reading VII

Olive M. Long

IT is best to begin the study of the winter tree-buds before the starting sap has made them swell, and while they are still wrapped up in the snug little covering of scales that has protected them all winter from the nipping breezes and the below-zero weather.

Even before they throw off their winter wraps, they have a sweet spring-like smell and a hint of the coming spring which sharpens the interest of every child; and at this season of the year a bunch of lilac twigs, budding out into premature little green leaves from two weeks of indoor forcing, has brought from the children a more heartfelt "*Oh!*" of delight than all the wealth of summer could in its proper time, and has made the teacher realize what a joy mere greenness and *aliveness* could be, at a time when the outside world was still in its winter sleep.

In many regions the pussy-willow is the pioneer of the spring, its soft silky fuzz being but another protecting cover for the more delicate bud within. For that reason it has been made the subject of the first reading lesson; and because it embodies to many of us the idea of the first peeping forth of spring, the lesson has been planned to bring before the children rather the poetry in the thought of the bud's winter sleep and spring awakening than any scientific description of the bud itself, — this having been left rather to the lesson on the maple bud.

The middle of March would be a good time to begin the study, as this will surprise the buds in their winter sleep, without leaving too long a time before their waking.

First comes the providing of the material, and this the teacher would better do herself, unless she can trust the children to help her without trespassing upon forbidden ground, or injuring the trees in their well-meant zeal. The boy who breaks down half a tree in his enthusiasm is usually a better kind of a boy than one who carelessly brings a few twigs, — but his energies must be turned into the right direction.

Enough twigs must be provided so that each child may have one to study at his desk during the lesson, and to draw from afterwards. When these have been passed to the children, they examine, while the teacher questions, noticing first the appearance of the twig as a whole, — its color, shape, texture of covering, the outer and inner barks, the color and texture of each, the woody fibre, and the pith; then the arrangement of the buds on the stem, and the leaf-scar just beneath the bud, showing where last summer's leaf grew. Then comes the careful study of the leaf itself, its shape and coloring, and the careful way in which the single brown scale so snugly and completely covers the bud within.

By arranging her questions in an orderly sequence, the children are gradually helped to think in an orderly way, and in giving a continuous description afterwards will not be so apt to jump from the bud to the stem, and back again, with distracting irrelevancy.

Throughout the lessons, the teacher should let the leading thought be that of nature's careful preparation for the protection of the little bud, — the leaf-scar bearing evidence to the way in which the tiny bud nestled safely all summer between the twig and the stem of the now fallen leaf, while through the winter it was inclosed by the tough, almost varnished, scale, within which it was still further protected by its covering of silky fur.

After the lesson the same twigs, or others, may be put away in some warm place in a jar of water, where they will soon outstrip the season in their development; and you will have pussy-willows in the school-room long before there are any out of doors.

This is the stage which has been taken as the subject of the reading lesson, and in preparation, the twigs are again given to the children to note the changes that have taken place, — how the single scale has split down the side to make room for the downy covering of the bud, and it finally drops off entirely when it is no longer needed.

It will be difficult to force the twigs to the point of sending out full-grown leaves, but the other stages can be studied later, when the real spring weather outside brings the twigs to this point. In studying all the different stages, the twigs should be drawn by the children, as the careful *looking* it entails helps their observation more than perhaps any one other thing.

There are other buds, such as the lilac, which are even more striking examples of the typical leaf-bud, showing the simple arrangement of the buds in pairs on the stem, and the same arrangement of the scales in the bud, and their gradual change from the brown scales on the outside, to the scale-tipped leaf, and finally, in the heart of the bud, the complete, though tiny, leaf itself.

It would be well to study these and others, — such as the horse-chestnut and the box-elder, till the children come to know intimately the buds of several trees.

The soft maple, with its clusters of red buds, is one of the most attractive of the early spring growths, and may be studied in the same way as the others, comparing the new facts with those learned about the buds already studied. In the lessons on the maple, however, the sweet sap and its delightful connection with maple-syrup and maple-sugar, is of particular interest to the children, and a separate lesson may be given upon this. It would also serve for illustrative drawing, and as the subject for a pretty game; and both the game and the memory of the lesson may be stored up for Arbor Day.

The reading lesson should result in helping the children in their own composition work. It should show them, in contrast to their own incomplete work, a rounded out story in logical form. For this reason it would, perhaps, be well, in such a lesson as that on the maple buds, to let the children think out this logical order for themselves as far as possible, in giving the sentences at the blackboard, — the teacher leading them back to the subject and helping them only when they stray too far afield.

Pussy-Willow Buds

Good news, little children.
The spring is coming.
We have come to tell you so.
Do you know us?
We are pussy-willows.
We have been sleeping all winter.
But we are not cold.
We wore little brown coats.
The warm sunshine woke us.
The March winds woke us.
We knew the spring would soon be here.
So we threw off our brown coats.
Now we wear our little fur dresses.
How soft and gray they are.
They look like pussies.
They keep us nice and warm.
That is why we can come out so early.
By and by we shall not need them.
Then what will happen? Wait and see!
We have a pretty secret hidden under our fur dresses.

Maple Buds.

Here is a little red bud. It lives on a maple twig.

It has many brothers and sisters.

They grow in little families.

The little families live opposite each other.

Let us look at the twig. It has a brown bark.

Let us pull it off. How thin it is.

Why, here is another bark. This one is pale green.

It is next to the white wood. It is wet and sticky.

I know what makes it so. It is the sap.

The maple sap is sweet.

It feeds the little buds and helps them to grow.

Sometimes it feeds little children, too!

Do you like maple-sugar?

True Stories for Children II

A Teacher

Lawrence Coster

IT is a drowsy, sleepy old town — the town of Haarlam in Old Holland. The streets are so narrow you can shake hands with your neighbor across the way from your own doorstep.

The quaint old houses have gables everywhere, and the grass grows in the middle of the street.

On one of these grass-grown streets, there is one old house that looks older than even its oldest neighbors. There are tiny panes of glass in the windows, the roof projects over the tiny sidewalk and the whole building looks as if it would surely topple over and fall.

Should you visit Haarlem this is one of the first streets that would be shown you; for it was here that Lawrence Coster, the man who first invented type-setting, lived.

Now this Lawrence Coster was very fond of reading. To be sure, there were no printed books in those days; but Coster was the warden of a little church near by, and in the library of this church there were several written books belonging to the priests.

These written pages, dim and stained though they were with the dampness of years upon years, the old man would read over and over until he knew them nearly by heart.

Now Lawrence Coster had three little grandchildren with whom he used to love to play. He loved to tell them stories too, and he was most anxious that they should learn to read. Of course they had no books; so he taught them to read the names on the houses, the letters on the doors, the verses on the church walls, and often he would mark letters for them with a bit of burned wood.

One day Lawrence Coster was walking in the woods. It was a soft sunny day when all the world seemed hushed and still. The old man sat down under a tree to rest and to think of the days so long ago when he was a little boy and had played in this very forest.

As he sat there thinking he picked up a piece of bark and began to carve it. He carved A B C on the bark, then threw it down. Just then an idea came into his head. He picked up the bark and looked at it.

"Why not cut these letters out and carry them home to the children?" he thought. "Why not cut out all the letters of the alphabet and teach them to read by them?"

So the old man carved and carved. All the afternoon he carved; and when the sun went down he had a pocketful of letters for the little folks at home.

How delighted the children were! and what fun it was to put the letters together and make words of them!

Day after day the old man carved letters till by and by the children knew them as well as did their grandfather; and all this time he had grown more and more skilful in letter-making.

One day he made some very tiny letters — enough to make several words — and beautifully made they were, too. The bark was soft and juicy and his knife was sharp. "Really," the old man said, "these are the best I have ever made."

He wrapped them up in a bit of old parchment and hurried home with them to the children. He unfolded the old parchment to show the letters.

"O Grandpa! See!" cried the oldest little boy. For there on the parchment was the print of several of the letters as plain as plain could be! To be sure, they were reversed, but there they were.

The old man's heart beat fast! A thought came into his mind! Could he not make some letters and press them on a piece of parchment and make them read like the pages in the library at the church. And if such a thing could be done, then sometime books might be made! And people everywhere might read!

From that day the old man worked at letter-carving. He made them out of solid hard wood now, reversed so that when he pressed them on parchment they looked as they ought to look.

Then he made a kind of ink in which he dipped the letters. One by one he would press them on the parchment, till at last he had a whole page of printed words.

Of course they were rough and crude and clumsy. But they were words, and the children could read them! He showed his printed page to his neighbors. He showed them how he did it. He wanted them to print for their children, too.

"Why should we?" they said. "Children do not need to read."

And some of the neighbors were really frightened. They ran away when he showed them the printed page and told them what it said.

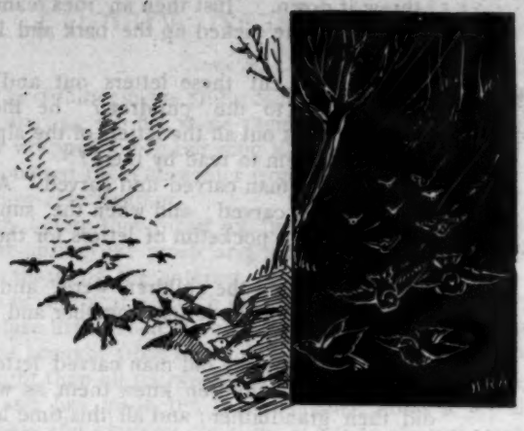
"He is a witch!" they whispered, and they ran into their houses and barred their doors.

Then Coster told his neighbors no more about it; but all by himself, up in his attic, he worked and worked and printed and printed.

He had to take one letter up at a time, press it on the glue-like ink he had made, and then press it on the parchment. Of course, it was very, very slow work. It would have taken him all day to print one page of one of our books; but he had courage and perseverance, and he loved to make the pages.

"If I can make this succeed," he would say to himself, "then everybody in the world might have a book of his own to read from! Everybody would want to learn to read then; and who knows what a difference it might make!" For, you see, the old man was sure everybody would love to read, as he did, if they were only given a chance.

Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again.— *Emerson*



God's Providence in Nature

Standing under the midnight sun, looking into the realm where stars twinkled and suns blazed, the seer found it easy to believe that man moved forward under the embrace and convoy of an Infinite Being. For the heavens will not permit the scholar to forget for a single moment that there are no wandering stars, no runaway suns, no planets dashing wildly through space. Looking upward the astronomer beholds each moon revolving around its planet, each planet revolving about its sun, all the smaller systems wheeling about a larger sun, that is a cosmic center for all wide-lying space. When Keats represents the clouds as "shepherded by the night wind" it is the poet's way of saying that no atom of fog and no speck of star dust is permitted to drift through space.

Things small, also, not less than things large, exhibit a similar impulse toward unity. Nature unveils the smallest particle of amethyst as crystallizing about a central axis. In each blade of grass and flower the lines of beauty are all convergent. In the garden a unit plan braids many colors into one bud or blossom; in the realm of sound, a similar impulse toward unity melts a thousand notes into one song or symphony. For Nature's threads are intermeshed, her web and textures are all unbroken. Because the star wheels do not slip their cogs, because all the systems revolve about one cosmic center there are no collisions of planets, and no crashing of suns. A central sun shepherds all the stars. — *Dr. Hillis.*

Marvels in Nature

The scientists also find the spider building a trap door in his cell with automatic devices. He finds the bee building a six-sided cell and teaching engineers that no form of construction combines so much cheapness and strength. On a hot summer's day, when the mercury rises to 90 degrees, the observer beholds the swarm of bees taking turns in glueing the feet into the passages of the hive and turning its wings into a fanning machine for cooling the wax and preventing the honey from running. The same scientists find the camel journeying for days across the desert without water.

Questioning, he finds in the second coating about the camel's stomach some 278 little pouches like vest pockets, each with its automatic device.

As the long days pass and the camel finds no spring, yet must consume its dry food, these water pouches furnish the possibility of digestion and nourishment. In the human body also the student finds many little automatic devices. From the eye Galileo copies his telescope. From the elbow the first door hinge was patterned. Indeed, we are told that nearly all the automatic inventions in the Smithsonian Institution are copied from devices in the human body. Recently travelers in Mexico found in a distant mountain chasm the ruins of an ancient village. There were millstones for grinding corn; the ruins of on ancient temple; carved water pots and utensils. Beholding seeds move up and become trees, clay taking on the form of the violet and lily, the gold fish floating in the water, and brilliant birds in the air — man also enters the scene and builds, paints, carves, sings, and plants, sows, reaps,— the Christian assumes that one higher than man must have created this wondrous scene of earth. Christ makes it easy for man to believe in God, in his goodness and wisdom, in his mercy and love.— *Sel.*

Fallen to Sleep

(The following is part of a poem "Fallen to Sleep" by Emily Huntington Miller, written on the death of Eugene Field.)

And what are the wonders his eyes have seen,
  And what are the secrets he knows,
He never will tell and he lies serene,
  Just clasping the sweet, white rose.

But not in the splendor of seraphs he seems
  The child-hearted poet we knew;
In some happy garden of blossoms and dreams
  He wanders with Little Boy Blue.

They smile at the toys that they left for a night,
  The playthings of youth and age,
For the man is a child in the kingdom of light,
  And the child is as wise as the sage.

And whatever marvels in dying may be,
  This lover so tender and true
Will turn from the raptures of angels to see
  The face of his Little Boy Blue.

Is This An Exception?

Thirty-five boys and girls in Chicago, who recently applied for admission to the Joseph Medill Summer School, were asked to answer the following six questions: (1) Were you ever in the woods? (2) Did you ever see the lake? (3) Did you ever pick a flower? (4) Were you ever in the park? (5) Did you ever ride in a wagon behind horses? (6) Did you ever ride in a car on the railroad? On examining the papers it was found that thirty out of thirty-five had never been in the woods, nineteen had never seen Lake Michigan, eight had never picked a flower. During the writing of the answers one little girl was found to be crying bitterly. On inquiry it was discovered that she had been obliged to answer "no" to nearly all the questions, and "was afraid she wouldn't pass." The secretary of the bureau of charities, in relating the incident said: "She had never seen Lake Michigan, never picked a flower, never been in the woods; but she understood perfectly well the nature of an examination."— *Exchange.*

Musical Thought

Professor W. L. Tomlins, in speaking of "The Child's Voice," urged that the music work given to children, should be the expression of a musical thought, rather than the repeated singing of the scale. "Do not give much music notation," he said. "It is a mere incident that the tones are arranged as they are." Professor Tomlins views the scale as the musical alphabet; and just as in teaching a child to read, we first lead him to the consideration of a thought, leaving the alphabet to be learned gradually and incidentally, so in music, the child must learn tones first as an expression of his thought, and secondarily and incidentally as elements in a musical scale or alphabet.

No Guesswork

A little girl who was in the habit of using the word guess intemperately was reproved by her teacher.

"Don't say 'guess,' Mary; say 'presume.'"

Just then a playmate came up, and feeling of Mary's cloak, said:

"My ma is going to ask your ma for the pattern of your cloak."

"My ma ain't got any pattern," answered Mary; she cut it by presume."

March

Month whom nobody praises,
Boisterous, blustering, blue March,
Here's a poor rhymster who raises
His voice in honor of you, March;
What if no buttercups, daisies,
Nor Mignonette ever yet grew, March,
Under thy skies of leaden,
Of deaden and desolate hue, March?
Facing thy blasts is sport while it lasts
To those who're brave and true, March.
Volumes of verse have been written
On May — presumably arch —
But never a poet was smitten
By thine Amazon beauties, O March!
And yet, though thy face is frost-bitten,
And you sometimes have taken the starch
Entirely out of me, March,
I never will give you the mitten;
For spite of your name and your leonine fame
You are better than any mere kitten!
Month whom nobody praises,
This song is written for you, March.
Enough of sunshine and daisies:
You nourish the strong and the true, March.
Let the weak singers then sigh on,
Their sonnets on May are a sham, March;
What is the roar of a lion,
If it ends in the bleat of a lamb, March?

— *Marc Cook*

Jimmie's Interpretation of a Story

Toward the close of the morning session the teacher said:

"Now, children, I am going to read you a little piece out of this book, and I want you to listen very closely so that you can repeat it to me when I have finished. Don't try to say it as I read it, but just as you would say it in your own words."

This aroused Jimmie, his eyes grew big, and he was all attention. The teacher read this short lesson from the first reader:

"See the cow! Is it not a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can the cow run as fast as the horse? No, the cow cannot run as fast as the horse."

"Criminy," thought Jimmie, "is 'at all? 'At's dead easy." His hand was up in a twinkling in imitation of several others. His interested face caught the teacher's eye, and she said: "Well, James, you may try it, but be careful and get it right. You may stand up by your seat."

"Jamesy" arose. Ordinarily he was not bashful, but now his face was flushed and he was trembling with importance, as he said:

"Get onto de cow. Ain't she a beaut? C'n she get a move on? Sure. C'n she hump herself as fast as de horse? Naw, she ain't in it wid de horse, see!"—*Sel.*

A Game of Tag

A grasshopper once had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe and over he went
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaned up against a fence
And laughed till their sides were sore,
But the grasshopper said, "You are laughing at me,
And I sha'n't play any more."

So off he went, though he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by the fall,
And the gay little crickets went on with the game,
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes,
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is;
Why, he's bit off his own little nose!"

— *Selected*

One Illustration

I suppose that nearly every wide-awake school teacher now-a-days has tried the scheme of having her pupils illustrate stories; either by having them find pictures and paste them on original articles; or else by having them draw sketches to illustrate stories which she reads to them; or, better still, by having them both make up the story and also draw the illustrations for the same. Those who have tried this latter plan no doubt have seen it produce some queer and amusing results. I append a production of one of my seven-year-old boys. I do not think that this young genius ever heard of Thomas Bailey Aldrich so I am quite sure that he did not crib his title from that well-known author, still the title is the same as Aldrich's masterpiece.

A TEACHER.

The Story of a Bad Boy

Once on a time there was a bad boy.

This is him.

He had a teacher.
This is her.

The boy got a mouse.
This is the mouse.

He put the mouse in the teacher's desk.
This is the desk.

She whipped him.
This is the whipping.

This is all of my story only I guess the teacher was awful mad.

The Dream of the Stream

"It was only a dream,"
Said the wakening stream,
"That I lay as one dead
Underneath a white spread,
For now I remember,
One day in December,
The woods were all still
As I came down the hill,
And I fell fast asleep
Where the shadows were deep;
But the robin, my friend,
Brought the dream to an end
With the notes of his song,
And I hasten along."

— *Alfred J. Hough*

The Editor's Page

Address Editor at 1300 Davis St., Evanston, Ill. Business letters at 50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

March

Have you done anything yet by way of seed-planting in the school-room? Let the children do it, if possible. Does it really make any difference whether the teacher or the children actually lay the seed in the ground? Yes, indeed, all the difference between an individual and a general interest. The kindergartners teach us this over and over again, year after year, but primary teachers do not seem to think it means much — "only the kindergarten way;" but it does mean everything to the children. The little fingers that actually lay the bean in the earth and cover it up, have interested both the head and the heart in it, and that bean's future will be watched and thought about and anticipated as it would never be had the teacher performed this little service. Children revel in a sense of proprietorship; let them have it whenever it is possible.

After that bean is out of sight, what shall the teacher do? Put it one side and ask the janitor to water it, while she goes on with her reading and her number and her everything else? Or, shall she carry the germination of that bean along with the rest of the work till the children too, are wondering and imagining what is going on in the little box of earth that they are watching with a sense of delicious uncertainty that grows stronger every day? It is so easy to say once in a while during the day, (with a little dramatic air,) "What *do* you suppose that bean is doing, children?" And the children will catch the spirit of mystery and look big-eyed and "wonder" too. Let them speculate, and it might be a good idea to plant enough beans yourself (don't touch theirs!) to be able to pull up one every day or two to observe its growth and thus stimulate further curiosity. And the day it actually shows itself above the earth — ah, that's the day to welcome it as if it were the first bean since the Garden of Eden. (If they had apples there, why not beans?)

"But I don't *feel* this," says some teacher, "and the children will understand it if I 'put it on'." My dear teacher you will not have to "put it on" twenty-four hours before you *will* feel it genuinely. I know you better than you know yourself, if you do not think this is so. These little children have not known many springs, and cannot know many, *as children*, and do not spoil one hour of spring for them or cause them to lose one sensation that belongs to the springtime. *You* know that the world does not hold many things so pure, so sweet, and so full of unalloyed pleasure as the miracle of spring for the little ones, who do not remember enough of other years to have it seem an old story, or look far enough ahead to be saddened because it cannot last.

The Pussy Willows

These always bring their welcome with them. The primary teacher, or the woman anywhere, who does not want to lay the first bunch she sees, to her cheek caressingly has lost something from her nature that was her best inheritance and that children will sadly miss without knowing at all what it is — only a sense of loneliness and loss in the little heart that nothing else can supply. And if you feel like it teachers, why not do it? Why not let that little troublesome boy in the corner, who has never once thought of you as anything but a *teacher*, see the human, loving side of you? Why not "let yourself go" one spring and show to the children just how you feel over these spring treasures — the first blossoms of every kind — as they come one by one in their lovely procession? Never mind whether you are in the school-room or out of it — be a girl again, a child again, and be true enough to yourself to enjoy this spring with the children in *their* way — the natural way. You will not only enrich your own soul, but you will lay up for yourselves treasures forevermore in the memories and hearts of the children.

One Way to Use Them

In Garfield School, Chicago, they have a pretty, novel, way of arranging pussy willows on a card and sketching a little head above each one. They look so "truly kitties" that one half listens for the — purr. Let the children have their fill of this make-believe and ornamentation. Pussy willow poems, legends and stories are everywhere and they all belong to the children. Do love them, and enjoy them together before you study them — if study them you must. Some things were never made to be *studied.*

What Would You Do?

Teachers, what would you do, if your children should be as careless and forgetful of your requests as you are of the editor's when she asks you not to send to her *business* letters connected with PRIMARY EDUCATION? Now once more, *Listen!!* All business letters should be directed to 50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass. All contributions for PRIMARY EDUCATION and personal letters, to the editor at 1300 Davis St., Evanston, Ill. Why send them to 211 Wabash Ave., Chicago? Why cause delay and extra expense by compelling the Chicago office and Boston office to forward this matter to the editor? The editor's address will always be below the heading on this page; it is liable to change at any time, but it will be there. Will you please remember?

Books

Two new books will help you in your spring plant work. "Plants and Their Children" by Mrs. William Starr Dana (American Book Co.) and "Seed Babies" by Margaret W. Morley, (Ginn & Co.) You will also find a wealth of admirable verse selections for memorizing and recitations in "Nature in Verse," Mary I Lovejoy (Silver, Burdett & Co.)

Miss Long's Illustration

May call for a word of explanation. (Page 98.) The little girl is a personified bud now in her wrapped-up state (as further suggested by the bunches of buds at the side) but telling of her prettier dress beneath, when the bud opens in April and blossoms out like the one shown in the end-piece. The last illustration is an accurate picture of a box-elder bud drawn on April 28. The buds at the side are also box-elder buds with varnished outside scales. The teacher can either copy the picture on the board or hang up the paper on the wall near the door where the children pass; they will be sure to notice it.

Nature's Ways

The mother of all beauty takes up the separate organs, and tenderly carries out her variation on each one. She bears fixed laws in mind and never really forgets the arithmetic,—the rules of twos and threes, and fours and fives; but by multiplying parts, by dividing parts, by joining them at this place on their edges, then at that, by enlarging some and making others smaller, by moulding horns and cups, by unfurling wings, by hanging bells, by ravelling fringes out, by all sorts of dainty devices of sculpture, she makes the myriad distinct species of miracles that men stare at untiringly as the flowers of spring.—*W. C. Gannett*

Correction

"One Way to Teach Hemispheres" in January number (page 29) should have been credited to Della M. Hayden (not Hodgden) Providence.

A Spring Meeting

Hello, Bob Wren!
Are you back again?
Glad to see you so well and so merry;
Fear we're here
Rather early this year!
Dear, but I wish I'd a bite of a cherry!
Just ripe in the South,
Melt in your mouth,
Weren't you sorry to leave the sunny
Land of bloom, and of bees and honey?

By and by here 'twill be bright and jolly
With bud and blossom, but somehow now
The atmosphere seems melancholy,
For there's not a leaf on a single bough,
And the wind, oh, how it makes you shiver,
And long for the balmy air that blows
The reeds that quiver
Above some river
That warm in Floridian sunlight flows.

Have you any new songs to sing this season?
And do you know where you are going to stop?
We've taken rooms in the very top
Of "The Maple"— prices quite within reason.
You've a flat near by that you've leased till fall?
How nice! Then surely you'll come and call.

— *Catholic Youth*

A Child's Fancy

Why, Moon, it strikes me you're looking quite thin;
You were fat when I saw you before.
Pray what have you done, and where have you been?
You had better not go any more.

Perhaps you are sick, and have eaten some stuff
Which did not exactly agree;
Just go to my doctor, and tell him your case —
I assure he always helps me.

But, please, dear old Moon, don't get any worse;
When you come again morrow-day night,
I hope you'll not look so peaked and thin,
For I like you fat, jolly, and bright.

— *A. R. L. in Outlook*

The Little Seed

Down by the root of a maple
A little seed stirred
In its sleep, for it dreamed or it fancied
A whisper it heard.

Dreamed, or it fancied, that someone
Said close in its ear:
"Wake up, little seed, from your slumbers;
The springtime is here.

"Up in the beautiful sunlight
Are beautiful things,
Blue skies, and green grasses, and zephyrs,
And creatures with wings.

"Rouse up from your lonely silence,
And come to the light,
For the world is so busy and bonny,
And happy and bright."

And the dear little seed in its dungeon,
With longing grew wild —
There surely was never a laggard
More sweetly beguiled.

And it felt its heart growing and growing,
Awakened at length,
And round it the brown mould loosened
And moved by its strength.

And soon in the beautiful daylight
It lifted its head,
And saw such a wonderful landscape
Around it outspread.

And there in the sunlight and starlight,
And moonlight and dew,
And raindrops, the dear little seedling
Just flourished and grew.

The birds sang a chorus above it,
The breezes blew sweet,
And at last it was crowned with a blossom,
That made it complete.

— *New York Independent*

Little Bird Blue

Little Bird Blue, come sing us your song;
The cold winter weather has lasted so long
We're tired of skates, and we're tired of sleds,
We're tired of snow-banks as high as our heads;
Now we're watching for you,
Little Bird Blue.

Soon as you sing, then the springtime will come.
The robins will call and the honey-bees hum,
And the dear little pussies, so cunning and gray,
Will sit in the willow trees over the way;
So hurry, please do,
Little Bird Blue!

We're longing to hunt in the woods, for we know
Just where the spring-beauties and liverwort grow;
We're sure they will peep when they hear your first song,
But why are you keeping us waiting so long,
All waiting for you,
Little Bird Blue?—*Sel.*

How and Why?

How does the bluebird know it is spring?
How do the bluebells know when to ring
Music for fairies — tune upon tune?
Why do the dear little pinks come in June?

Who taught the robin to fashion his nest?
And where did he get the red on his breast?
Where do the leaves find their green, who knows?
And what makes the fragrance of the rose?— *Sel.*

Whispering Down Below

(A Recitation)

A wee Daisy whispered, "'Tis time, dears, I think;
The winds have stopped blowing, I can't sleep a wink!
Get ready your frills and your nice golden caps,
To peep when the rain on the door softly taps —
The warm silver rain softly taps."

A meek little violet answered, "'Tis plain
She talks in her sleep! Let us slumber again."
"That's just my opinion," observed Buttercup;
"The sunshine will tell us the time to get up —
Precisely the time to get up!"
"Hush!" whispered a Lily, "Why wake us so soon?
Though you may not hear them, the harsh breezes croon:
They tell of the storms that are coming this way:
It will not be springtime for many a day —
Ay, many a desolate day."

"Oh! do go to sleep," cried a Crocus near by;
There isn't a sign of a bird in the sky;

You must have been dreaming; if springtime were near,
You foolish young Daisy, I'm sure I should hear —
The first one of all I should hear!"

But Daisy replied, "Oh! I know 'tis the spring'"
The Golden-rod sighed, "If you hear the birds sing,
Why linger, you foolish young daisy, at all?
I only began to sleep late in the fall;
Go! there's a dear, don't wake us all!" — *Sel.*

Spring Game

Lullaby

Go to sleep, my seedlings,
In your warm, brown beds,
While a soft, white blanket
Winter o'er you spreads.
Sleep and dream of spring
When the bluebirds sing,
Dream, dream, dream.

(The children, while this is being sung, gradually curl up on the floor under some brown cambric coverings.)

Now they're sleeping soundly,
All snugly in a row,
So while they've nothing else to do
They might as well just grow.
And when spring comes they'll find out
Their gowns are all too tight,
And they'll have to wear new dresses
All made of colors bright.

(While this verse is being sung, the six seedlings begin to move and put out first an arm, then a leg, etc.)

Waking Song

Wake up! wake up! my seedlings;
Put off your plain, brown gowns;
For you must all be ready
When spring her May-queen crowns.
Come crocus, violet, snow-drop,
The birds all call for you.
Come daffodil, dandelion, daisy,
You all have work to do.

(As the names are called the six jump up and throw off the brown covering, and joining hands sing and dance.)

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, spring has come!
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, bees shall hum!
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, birds do sing!
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, this is spring!

— *Esther Gill Jackson*

Four Little Sunbeams.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do —
Not seek our own pleasure all the day through —
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam went in at an old cottage door,
And played hide and seek with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One sunbeam crept to a couch where an invalid lay
And brought him a gleam of a sweet summer day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom,
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest;
In fancy he roamed to the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one where a little blind girl sat alone.
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale;
Then kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That had never gazed on the beautiful light,
Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, the great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others we've filled to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.—*Sel.*

The Crocus

'Twas a little aimless snowflake
That the jeering North Wind blew,
Very lonely, quite discouraged,
Undecided what to do.

So it fell beneath my window
On our Mother Earth's brown breast;
Glad to think its journey over,
Happy in its thought of rest.

From the gray cloud's sullen border
Crept a little beam of gold;
Just a patch of blue sky shimmered
As it kissed the frozen mould.

Did the blue sky and the sunbeam
Weave a spell of magic power?
In the morning, 'neath my window,
Smiled a dainty crocus flower.

— *Kate L. Brown in Every Other Sunday*

The Japanese "Good-Morning"

A fall to the knees,
A turn to the toes,
A spread of the hands,
And a dip of the nose.
It takes all these just to say "Good-day"
In Chrysanthemum-land so far away.

— *Mae St. John Bramhall, in the January St. Nicholas*

Spring Heralded

Oh! the sunshine told the bluebird
And the bluebird told the brook,
That the dandelions were peeping
From the woodland's sheltered nook;
So the brook was blithe and happy,
And it babbled all the way
As it ran to tell the river
Of the coming of the May.

Then the river told the meadow
And the meadow told the bee,
That the tender buds were swelling
On the old horse-chestnut tree;
And the bee shook off its torpor.
And it spread each gauzy wing
As it flew to tell the flowers
Of the coming of the spring,

Then each flower told its neighbor
And each neighbor told its friend,
That the stormy days were over
And the winter at an end;
While the blue sky smiled above them
And the birds began to sing—
And the land grew bright with gladness
At the coming of the spring.

— *S. Q. Lapius*

The Grass and the Frogs

"The gay, green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath our feet,
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet."

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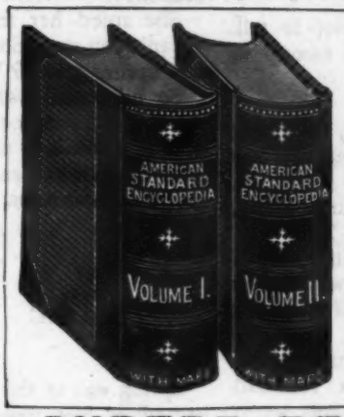

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Mrs. Willow's Awaking

MARY S. CAMPBELL

"Where are you going?" asked West Wind as she met South Wind flying gaily along.

"Come with me," said South Wind, "I can't stop to talk now for this is my busy time. I am going to the swamp to awaken Mrs. Willow."

"May I help you?" said West Wind.

So they took hold of hands and away they flew, frolicking and dancing over wood and meadow, till they reached the edge of the swamp.

"Wake up, wake up, Mrs. Willow," said South Wind, "you've slept long enough.

But Mrs. Willow did not stir. Then West Wind helped South Wind to shake her and together they waved her branches to and fro till she began to bestir herself and said sleepily:—"What is the matter?"

"Time to get awake, that's all," said South Wind. "Mother Earth sent me to tell you she thought you had slept long enough," and as Mrs. Willow felt his soft warm breath she said:—"Thank you for waking me so gently, dear South Wind, but is it March already?"

Then she began to stretch out her arms to let her sap blood flow through them.

"It is good to get awake again," she said to the two winds who were still gently hovering about her. I've had such a long sound sleep that now I am glad to go to work."

Then some merry little sunbeams came dancing along, and said, "Good day, Mrs. Willow, we've tried to awaken you many times but our kisses did not arouse you. May we help you to awaken your children?"

"Thank you," said she, "they are still warmly wrapped in their winter blankets and you shall help me to uncover them."

South Wind and West Wind saw that Mrs. Willow was wide awake so they bade her a cheery good-bye and flew off to awaken some more of her family.

The little sunbeam nurse maids went to work and touched each tiny blanket with their soft warm fingers while Mrs. Willow was kept very busy sending her sap food to the babies. It was not many days till South Wind came blowing that way again.

"Why Mrs. Willow," he exclaimed, "who ever would have recognized you?" and sure enough, she had all her children awake and each branch was covered with little "pussies" in soft, silvery gray coats.

"You see, dear South Wind," she said, "I cannot take off their fur coats quite yet, for North Wind still visits us, and is so rough with my tender darlings that I keep them well covered."

Then South Wind and the little sunny nursemaids had a frolic with the "pussies" and they grew so warm in their play that they had to throw off their gray coats and when Mother Willow saw them dressed in their pale yellow gowns, she said, "It is too soon, dear South Wind, my babies will surely die."

But South Wind only laughed and said, "Mother Earth told me you were too careful of your children, and it was high time they were out of the nursery."

So Mrs. Willow knew the time had come when she must let her babies go, and she felt sorry, for their gray coats had been so pretty.

"I am very thirsty, dear South Wind," she said, and he told her he had been blowing a little cloud along just ahead of him and would ask it to send her a shower. So away he flew. Soon all the "pussies" began to wonder what was hitting them so hard and they were frightened, but their mother told them it was only some rain drops come to play with them. Then they were no longer afraid and nodded to the rain drops, and a fine play they had together till so many raindrops joined in the frolic that the "pussies" were nearly drowned. But Mrs. Willow was very happy and took long drinks with her roots and felt much better. Soon the kind cloud floated away and the little sun nursemaids had to dry and warm all the wet little "pussies" and South Wind came back and blew on them gently with his warm breath and soon they were all frolicking with him again as if nothing had happened.

Then Mrs. Willow dressed them all alike in yellow gowns and how gay she looked as she held them all up on her branches.

She spied her friend Song Sparrow and called to him, "Can't you stop Song Sparrow to see my children in their new spring gowns?"

So he rested awhile and told Mrs. Willow how glad he was that the long cold winter was over and thanked her for waking so soon to cheer him, and promised to bring other Song Sparrows to see them. Then away he flew to tell his wife the good news, that Mrs. Willow was awake and spring really here.

The Baby Bean Play

COUNTRY SCHOOLMA'AM

Spring was in the near distance. Every messenger suspected of late news was captured and brought into the school-room.

Talk was rife as to what new life was now "waking up." We read Miss Bass's "Baby Bean." We saw the picture of Master Baby in his fine, soft bed, with the fine warm rain gently sifting over him.

"Isn't it cunning!" was the enthusiastic verdict.

They had been *told* that a bean had life, and been shown its parts; but the truth had never before been dramatized for them. This was life itself.

What a good laugh we had about his mouths in his feet!

"Wonder if we could play that?" asked the teacher, dimly recollecting the details in a little seed play she had witnessed at Cook County Normal Kindergarten.

"O, yes, yes!" responded the pupils.

"What must Baby Bean do?" "Curl up tight and shut his eyes. May I?"

"What'll we do for rain?" queried the teacher with a repressed sigh, thinking of the piano accompaniment she had heard at C. C. N. Kindergarten.

"Drum with our fingers!" responded the ready-witted thinkers.

"Sure enough! That would be even better," said the teacher, thinking aloud.

So Baby Bean was planted on the long table and the clouds encircled and deluged him until there seemed danger of drowning him if the sun didn't break through pretty soon.

"What'll we do for sunshine?" asked the teacher, vainly trying to recall how they managed at that kindergarten.

"Take a piece of glass!" came without a moment's hesitation.

Sure enough, again! and soon a miniature sun was dancing bright enough to wake Baby Bean.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down;
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by winter's frown;
And well may they cherrily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow. —*Sel.*

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